

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF  
Politics, Science, Art and Literature.

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VOL. XVI.

NOVEMBER, 1900 TO APRIL, 1901, INCLUSIVE.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN INNES.

## A "ROUND-UP" ON A CANADIAN CATTLE-RANCH.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

SEE PAGE 8.

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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI

NOVEMBER, 1900

No. 1

## "A GOOD TIME."

*By Basil C. d'Easum.*

OLD "Captain" Glenn had been buried in the north for nineteen years. For nineteen years he had been working for the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Wayback in the Arctic Circle.

Nineteen years of murderous cold and mosquitoes, Indians, dog-trains and half-breeds; in the winter, and it is winter nearly all the time, living on frozen fish; for nineteen years cut off almost entirely from the civilized world except when "The Boat" made its annual trip with stores and letters to that far-away post.

Yet the north has a strange fascination for many men. They grow to like the loneliness, the savagery of it; however much they may curse it, yet they are restless until they get back to it.

But "Captain" Glenn declared that he had turned his back upon it.

He made the long journey "out" by dog-train, canoe and steamboat; when he reached the fringe of civilization he travelled with horses.

Then he came to Duncannon, a little frontier town.

At Duncannon he found whisky and other delights; and at Duncannon he stayed.

He had come "out" with five thousand dollars, not a small fortune for a working man (his title of "Captain" was given to him on account of his skill at building boats), although the north is a country where a man can not help

but save his money. But it was different from that at Duncannon.

A cowboy "on the tear," a miner "on the spree," and a shepherd with a year's wages burning in his pocket, can, each and all of them, give a good illustration of senseless scattering of hard-earned money, but an old-timer "out from the north" can eclipse them all.

There was, in Duncannon, a little variety theatre; a kind of music hall, cheap and not nice.

Captain Glenn visited it the first night of his arrival in town; it was, really, a dreary place. Fiddles were squeaking, and a dirty-looking man was strumming dismally on a cracked piano, while a lady of uncertain age, thin-throated and clothed in green tulle, mystic, wonderful, was warbling a pathetic ballad in a husky voice.

But Captain Glenn thought it was all very beautiful. He seated himself in one of the "boxes," and presently a girl, one of the attendant Hebes, was at his side, winningly asking him what he would order for a drink.

Captain Glenn cast his eyes over the house; there were about sixty rough, shabby-looking men lounging and smoking and paying but little attention to the performers on the stage. He was feeling on good terms with the world and with himself, he had dined well at the best hotel in the place, the dinner was an improvement upon his

usual diet of frozen fish or bacon and beans.

Turning to the girl, he said : "Bring every mother's son in the house a bottle of wine."

The girl stared at him ; she was well

the old man who was placidly sucking away at a big cigar.

"My lass," said Captain Glenn, "you go and bring your Chief Factor—boss—what do you call him? Manager? Well, bring your Manager



"A lady of an uncertain age was warbling a pathetic ballad."

used to the spectacle of men "blowing themselves," in fact it was a part of her business to encourage any amiable weakness in that line ; but this was a rather extensive order. She looked at

here, and I'll show him that I've the money to foot that little bill."

The Manager came with a run, and hilarity reigned in that frowsy little theatre during the whole evening ; the

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"A GOOD TIME"

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fiddlers fiddled at Captain Glenn, the girls sang at him, the audience was fuddling itself at his expense, and he, feeling well content, sat and enjoyed the scene.

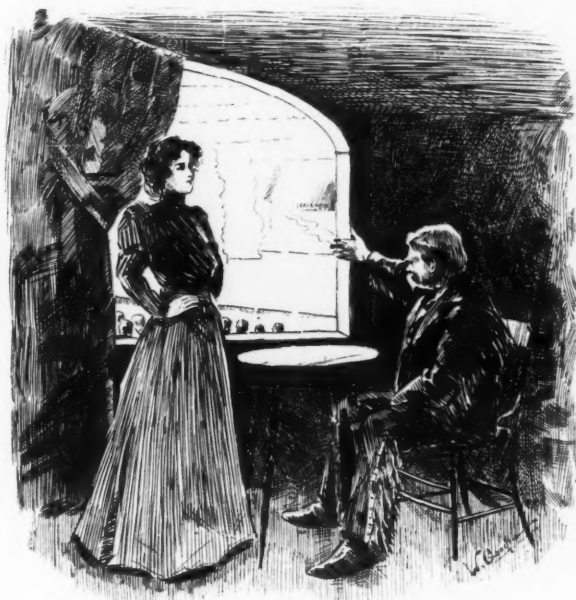
This was "life," this was the beginning of the "good time" he had thought of when he was up in the icy north, under the frozen stars.

The bill for the evening's amusement was a trifle under five hundred dollars and it was paid without a mur-

ago; that was the custom of the country.

Yes, indeed, this Miss Strang was a fine woman, and she really seemed to be very friendly toward him. (The guileless old man did not know that Miss Strang received a commission of twenty-five per cent. on all the money that she could take in for drink).

After breakfast, he sought out a clothing store, and bought a complete outfit for himself, discarding his



"Bring every mother's son in the house a bottle of wine."

mur. It had been a most enjoyable evening, and Miss Mollie Strang, the waitress, was the loveliest woman that he had ever seen.

When he woke next morning in the best bedroom of the best hotel in the town, the girl was still in his thoughts. How tired he was of "batching"! How pleasant it would be to have a woman like that to take care of him and to look after his house! He might, of course, have married a squaw years

embroidered moccasins and buckskin coat with the many fringes, and blossoming forth in vivid yellow shoes, a tweed suit, and "boiled shirt fixings."

That night he again visited the "Globe" Theatre and basked in the smiles of Miss Mollie at a cost to himself of two or three hundred dollars. And the same thing happened the next night and many following nights; Captain Glenn thinking that now he was indeed enjoying life, and fondly im-

aging that he was making great progress towards winning the affections of the pretty waitress.

Now, the girl was not a bad girl.

It would not have been remarkable if she had been bad, for the atmosphere of a frontier town variety theatre bears little likeness to that of a convent. It is easy to be good when one has no temptation to do wrong; but, with every inducement to be "crooked"

we remember that for nineteen years he had lived in a land where the foot of the white woman has not trod. Traders, missionaries, even the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company do not civilize a country—the white woman does.

Captain Glenn was at a loss how to set about his wooing; he knew that among the Indians (as with children and other savages) the best way to secure affection is by the giving of pre-



"Don't cry, my lass."

this girl kept herself "straight." Of course, she saw the infatuation of the old man, but, although his liberality in ordering liquid refreshment put money in her pocket, it cannot be said that she used any means to encourage him in his excesses.

Captain Glenn was a very bashful man when in the presence of women.

This is not to be wondered at when

sents. But Miss Strang refused the gold watch and chain, the rings and bracelets which he had bought for her. The old fellow was puzzled at this, for it had always been part of his creed that it was possible to win any woman with gifts.

At length, he made up his mind to ask her, point blank, if she would become Mrs. Glenn. So one evening as he

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## THE GREAT MISGIVING

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sat in one of the boxes at the Globe he screwed his courage to the sticking point and said to Miss Strang:

"Missie, I've got something very important to say to you. Perhaps you can guess what it is. I don't quite know how to go about saying it."

"Better not say it, Mr. Glenn," said Miss Strang, gently.

"But why not?" said the old man, finding words. "Wait, my girl; don't go; listen to me. I know that I am much older than you are, but I am strong and hearty. I have a little money, and I would try to make you happy. Do you think that you could manage to put up with me? I can work and earn enough to keep both of us comfortably. You know that you do not like this theatre life, you are too good for it, I am sure that you hate it. Let me take you away from it."

The girl bent forward over the little table, leaned her head on her folded arms, and burst into tears.

Up jumped Captain Glen. "What is it? What is it? What have I said? Oh, don't cry, don't cry! Tell me what is the matter." And he patted her on the back, in his excitement forgetting that the knock-about clowns on the stage were eyeing him with much interest.

With a great effort the girl controlled herself enough to speak to her bewildered suitor.

"Oh, Mr. Glenn, please do not be sorry; but I can not do as you wish.

You have been very kind, and I will tell you why I am working in this place. I am trying to get money enough to take me to the Klondike, where a very dear friend of mine went more than a year ago. I heard some months ago that he was sick and had no money and could not get out of the country. You are right. I do hate this life, but I am getting some money so that I can go to him and help him."

"He? Him?" said the Captain.

"Ah, I see. I guess that let's me out."

And down fell all his airy castles with a crash.

"Don't cry, my lass. Everything will be all right, never fear."

Next day, Captain Glenn put on his embroidered moccasins and his buckskin coat with the fringes, paid his hotel bill, made up the rest of his money into a neat little package, and addressed it to "Miss Mollie Strang, Globe Theatre, Duncannon." Inside the package there was also a slip of paper on which was written—"To bring him back from the Klondike. Good luck to you!"

Then he "hit the trail," with his face turned towards the north, back again to his howling dogs, mosquitoes, bacon and beans, and frozen fish.

"What? Back again, Glenn?" said the official in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Wayback. "Well, well; you did not stay 'out' long. Did you have a good time?"

"I think so," said Captain Glenn.

## THE GREAT MISGIVING.

I STOOD to-day beside an open grave,  
And lo! between the breathings of my breath,  
The phantom Nothingness uprose, and gave  
One awful look from out the eyes of Death.

*John Arbory.*

# A VISIT to a "ROVND-VP"

BY JOHN INNES.



WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

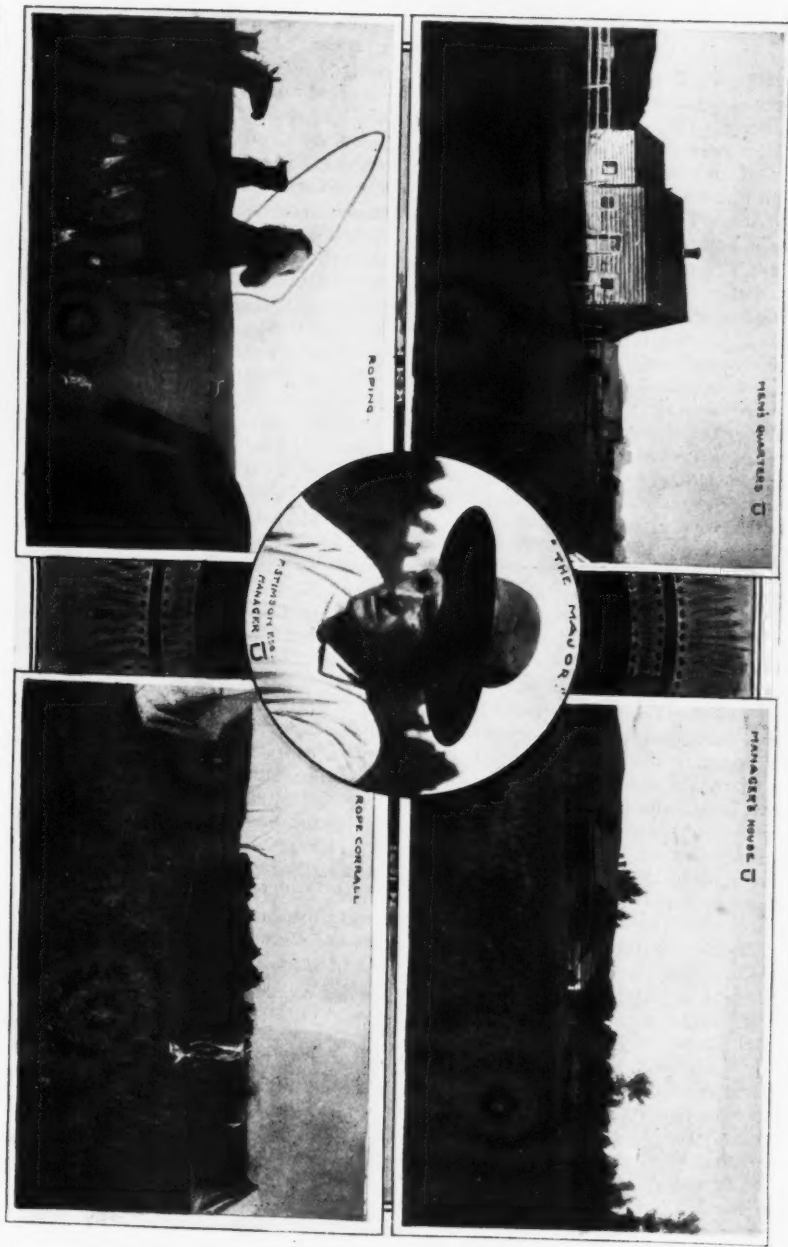
THE greatest of all Canadian cattle-raising districts—on the western limits of which the subject matter for the ensuing lines was gathered—is bounded on the west by the Rocky Mountains, on the south by the International Boundary Line, on the north by the climate, and on the east by circumstances. It is fenced by cowboys. This statement may seem an exaggeration to people dwelling amidst a multitude of artificial limits, but it is not. If it were there would be no necessity for a "round-up."

There is, I believe, no dictionary containing "Round-up, to, v.a.," or verb active, but to the western mind at least it is an accepted word, and as to its activity there is no manner of doubt. To "round-up" is to gather a number of scattered units into one group, or "bunch." For instance: should any event of importance be imminent in the "cow country," which demands that people should celebrate it, the "boys" are "rounded-up" to do it, and they generally make the occasion a glittering success. So, when the cattle during a hard winter are scattered by storms, or attracted by

better feed and shelter to widely separated portions of the great grass sea, it becomes necessary when milder weather sets in that they should be rounded-up and driven to the ranches of their respective owners. This is called the spring round-up, and is of a general character.

Toward the latter part of May the ranchers gather, with their tents, horses, and waggons, and all the necessary paraphernalia, at some appointed place, chosen as being the most convenient from which to start working the range. Day after day the cowboys "cruise," or scout the country, gathering in all the beasts. When a sufficient number of head, marked with any one brand, are collected, they are "cut out," or separated from the main herd, and driven to the ranches of their owner. Thus each man receives the cattle which had strayed away since the previous fall. The branding and marking required is done, and all are again turned loose upon the range.

There is also the fall round-up, which is more of an individual undertaking. During the summer months the conditions which would cause cat-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN INNES.

SOME TYPICAL SCENES ON A CATTLE RANCH.

tle to scatter, or drift, are absent; therefore it is not imperative to work on so wide a scale. Thus it is that there are many fall round-ups. In fact some ranchers prefer to undertake the gathering of their cattle alone. As a rule, however, owners of a small number of head elect to send their men with one of the big "outfits" in their district. These cowboys board with the ranch owning the cook tent and "grub" waggon, work the range with the rest, and the owner of the brand they represent foots the bill. After the fall round-up spring calves are weaned, late calves branded and driven into pasture with their dams to be fed during severe weather. The balance of the bunch, not yet fit for beef, are turned loose upon the range to "rustle" till spring.

Beef round-ups, *i.e.* the gathering of fat cattle for the markets of the world, may take place at any time which would suit the convenience of the buyers, although the fall of the year naturally finds the steers at their top weight and condition, and it is then that the bulk of the shipping is done.

This then is the outline, albeit a most meagre one, of the general plan employed in the handling of vast herds of cattle upon the open plains. And now, in order to particularize, and bring the country and the round-up closer to the readers of this magazine, I will give a description of a personal visit to a big ranch, together with a few sketches of the work of the far-famed, yet much misunderstood, cow puncher.

It was my first visit to my old home after many year's absence. Fish Creek! Pine Creek! Okotoks! had all been duly yelled by the "brakey" as the train from Calgary to McLeod rumbled southward. At each stop some members of the bronzed crowd of cattle men that filled the car had dropped off, with a parting joke at somebody's expense. Many I knew, many were utter strangers to me, and many faces I thought familiar yet did not smile. Time makes strange changes and boys

will grow to be men. From the car windows could be caught an occasional glimpse of the McLeod trail, over which, in the days long past, the mottled bull teams used to labour complainingly as they hauled up stores from the south. There was the bluff on the divide between Pine Creek and Okotoks, past which the old trail ran, and where I, as a slip of a boy, had killed my first big dog badger. There was the scrub on the long yellow slope where the chicken shooting used to be so good. Sam Livingstone's land; Fish Creek, where John Glen lived—old "which-what" we called him; Sandy Watson's stopping place on Pine Creek. Round the bend to the east of the station at Okotoks was the spot where "Mac" hung out, just by the old ford, and dispensed pork and potatoes and bad Scotch (accents, not whisky) to the travellers to and from the south. All gone. Planted with a text over them these rough old friends. Only all along the horizon where the foothills rolled purpling into the west, the great Rockies reared their silvered pinacles unchanged.

#### High River!

I grabbed my camera and sketch book and stepped on to the crowded platform. It was all bustle and hand-shaking and piled up saddles and ranch truck of every description. "Round-up" was in the air; but where, oh where was the "Major." Let all readers of this magazine know that the "Major" is Fred Stimson, Esq., an old time cattle man and supreme boss of the Bar U outfit, to whom I was indebted for an "invite" to "come along and do as you — please." Ah, there he was, large as life, and looking not a day older. I pushed through the crowd towards him. He was extolling the healthful properties of the country to a "pilgrim." The following drifted to me in his own special drawl:

"Y-e-s-s, this is a healthy-y country-y. When I was you-n-g twelve Montreal doctaws examined me-e, and they sai-d-d: 'Stimson-n you have only a portion-n of one lung-g remaining-g, hardly enough to catch your wind-d

with-h.' I came west-t, and stayed three years-s. Then I paid a visit to Montreal-l. I hunted-d up as many of those doctors-s as had not died-d during my absence-e. They examined me again-n, and were astonished-d. They said-d: 'Stimson-n, my bucko-o, cheer up-p, you have now three lungs-s.' It is a great climate-e." Then catching sight of me he exclaimed "Hello! boy-y. Let's hitch up-p." We hitched up and drove off, with a miscellaneous collection of ranch necessities stored about and behind us.

It was great. The railroad faded into the distance, the fences disappeared. Bunches of cattle dotted the yellow rolling lands, and now and again a coyote, loping leisurely over the grassy slopes, would squat and look at us—then lope onward again. Far in the south the Porcupine hills swelled purple, and the mountains took on vaster portions as we climbed the ever-ascending trail towards the Bar U headquarters. Like the carpenter and the oysters in "Alice in Wonderland," we talked of many things, till the gathering night merged the mountains, the foothills and the grazing lands into one black blur.

Squash—h-s-s! With a plunge and a lurch our "democrat" swung into the ford across the north fork of High River; the bronco team stumbling and lunging to the western bank, hauled us out and broke into a gallop, for home was near. In the darkness the Major sang cheerily: "Oh, we'll wander through the wild woods, and we'll hunt the buffalo-o-o." Another sudden plunge; with the team apparently sitting on their tails, and the brake grating. Before us gleamed the lights of the Bar U headquarters just twenty-five miles from the station.

One never realizes how good the West is till one returns after years spent in other parts. The breadth of things, the height of things, the magnificent distances, are exhilarating. Men shout in the very joy of living. Early, early in the morning after my arrival on the ranch, I was afoot, and, gaining a vantage point upon a high

bluff, looked about me. The sun had not yet risen, and the great mountains in the west gloomed huge and cold against the trailing shadows night had left behind. To the east, to the south, to the north, the land fell away and away in colourless recession, and was lost in the gray of the dawning. Below, in the valley, the ranch buildings were hardly discernible. Of a sudden the highest peaks of the mountain snows were lit with a rosy flash, that spread, and grew, and flamed all along the west, till the whole range seemed as a mighty sea of glittering violet and rose, enchanted into everlasting stillness by its own beauty. Brighter and whiter grew the light, and spreading downward the foothills were touched with varying purples, while the whole prairie land became an ocean of colour. A living glory swept across the east, defining sharply the low line of the plains, save at one spot too bright for the eye to rest upon. There the sun shouldered above the rim of the world, and I turned my steps to the valley. Here, too, the magic painter had been at work. The swift-running river flashed blue behind the sombre log buildings and the dark trunks of the rugged poplars, all dressed in shimmering gold in honour of the autumn. The ranch was astir. The saddle horses were being herded in from the pasture, and smoke curled blue from the Major's house and the men's quarters. And there was the Major himself in conversation with a weather-stained cow-puncher.

"Boy, you're in luck," he said, turning towards me, "the round-up will be in the valley to-day-y."

"Hallelujah!" I answered, and went to breakfast.

During the meal the Major informed me that an animal named BX was destined to be my especial steed, and that Ewing would get him for me. As I intended to take snap-shots from the saddle for the purpose of illustrating this article, it was impossible to regard BX in any other light than that of a photographic tripod; so I went to find Ewing. The only moving object in



sight was a cloud of dust which appeared to have something desperate going on inside of it. Closer inspection revealed a man and a horse having a "bang-up" argument. Sometimes the man was on top, sometimes the horse. Finally the rider got into the saddle, and an armistice was declared. I knew in my bones that if that animal was BX (at present the unknown quantity), I should never see the editor of this publication any more. The man proved to be Ewing, so, with much trepidation I enquired for BX. To my relief he rode away, shortly returning with a big gray animal in tow, on whose shoulder appeared "BX." He turned him over to me with the assurance that he "was warranted not to rip, tear, ravel, run down in the heels, or slit up the back." It was nice to know that. He—BX—turned out to be eminently respectable, and a well-trained cow-horse to boot. In consequence both that animal, Ewing and myself were shortly on the best of terms. To be sure he had four legs—BX I mean again—which, as every body knows, isn't proper in a tripod; but I overlooked that extra leg, and allowed it to stay there. It proved its usefulness later on.

Filling in time till the arrival of the round-up, an examination was made of the wonderful collection of skins, heads and Indian gear which the manager had collected, and which served to make the sitting-room of his home one of the most interesting possible. After this a tour of the ranch buildings was in order. Truly the Major's pride in his place is justified. The river leaves the foot of the high bluffs and takes a sweep northward, then turns east once more. This forms a cosy corner of level land, about one quarter of a mile long east and west, and nearly one hundred yards wide, on the average, north and south. High bluffs, as well as the heavy bush which grows on either bank of the stream, afford excellent shelter to the northward along the whole distance. On the southern side terraces of grass rise

to the upper prairie. At the western end, near the ford, stands the manager's house, with its long straggling line of outbuildings. About one hundred yards east from these were the breaking stables and corrals, the team stables, waggon sheds and the men's quarters, all being built in a straight line along the north side of the trail that passes through the centre of the ranche. Opposite this main group were several log shanties used as store-houses; giving the whole the appearance of a little village street. The branding corrals were on the hill north of where the trail dips into the valley, and the feeding corrals stood on the bottom lands just on the other side of the river. It is a truly well thought-out and workmanlike arrangement.

U, OH, 86, U, IS, P

As the accompanying illustration stands, it looks like a compromise between what King Belshazzar saw on the wall after dinner, and an up-to-date boxer's opinion of a missionary. It is neither. Here is the interpretation:

BarU—OH—Eighty-six—Seven U—IS—Anchor P. The signs themselves are facsimiles of the different brands which I found burned into the hides of varying numbers of the great herd of cattle that debouched, bellowing and shouldering each other, upon the wide valley of the north fork of High River. The round-up was with us at last. The cook's waggon and bed waggons rumbled dustily into the river bottom; in an incredibly short time the tents were pitched, the stove blazing, and the entire camp in ship-shape. On the bluffs above it the herd of saddle horses, for the use of the cowboys, grazed; the merry whistling of the herder drifted pleasantly down the wind. But more pleasant still was the sound made by a knife handle vigorously thumping the bottom of an old tin pan, announcing that "grub pile" was waiting. A laughing gang of cowmen cantered into camp, on time to the minute; then, having unsaddled,

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THE COOK—HIS PET PONY—THE GRUB-WAGGON—THE COOK'S TENT.

they washed with prodigious splashing in the water-pans, set out by the camp-boys for them. In came Seven U Brown, captain of the round-up; genial Charley McKinnon, foreman of the Bar U; Fred Ings, who was helping work his own cattle homeward; that ancient timer "The Dutch Kid"; George Winder, the crack rider and rope hand; and a crowd of boys who were total strangers to me, but good fellows every one. Later on, the Major and the ranch secretary, having discovered that they were hungry, wandered in to have it attended to.

I seize this opportunity to apologize for having left the greatest man on the round-up to be mentioned last. I refer to the cook. For, let it be known that the cook in a cow-camp is an autocrat, and this autocrat was famous. I have, in spite of my socialistic tendencies, had a tender spot in my heart for autocrats ever since I met him. In centres of civilization he would be known as Mr. Lear; on the range he was just turned loose as "Charlie." His outfit was as follows:—A tent, to which the grub-wagon, with the tail-board let down to form a table, was backed till the hind wheels were level with the flaps. A stove; pots and pans; boxes to sit on, and a roll of blankets to sleep in. Not an extensive



KILLING BEEF AT THE HOME RANCH.

menage, is it? That man affected one in the same way as a conjurer. Everybody has, at some time or other, seen the individual who makes egg flips in a new plug hat, and takes a brandy smash out of a brick bat. Well, a man of that calibre wouldn't be "in it" with Charlie. Out of that box at the back of his waggon came everything. Soup—great soup; pie—first-class pie; roasts, steaks, hashes, biscuits, cakes, bread, appeared in bewildering quantities. And, over and above all this, he had a well-developed mania for feeding people. It was impossible to stick one's head inside the tent without his inquiring if one was hungry. Within half an hour of reaching a camping ground the tents have been pitched, and a good hot meal prepared

for the tired riders. Everybody has an appetite out west, always; so it will be seen that a first-class cook is an absolute power in a cow-camp. I have since learned that it was the ambition of every errant cow-puncher, with a stomach, to get on the Bar U outfit with Charlie. Good-bye, Charlie; I leave your genial presence a better-natured and a fatter man.

The meal over, the men straggled out. Amid squealing, kicking and dust, the herd of saddle horses reached the rope corral. Although a picture of this contrivance is given, it may be as well to add a few words of explanation.

In this case a rope was stretched from the wheel of the cook's waggon to that of one of the bed waggons, some forty feet distant. At either end of this rope, and attached to the waggon wheels by one end only, are two long strips of raw hide. The horses are driven up to the first rope. Two men, one being on either side of the band, take each an end of one of the long raw hide strips and carry it out at right angles from the waggons. Thus the animals are enclosed on three sides. Mounted men guard the front. The rope hands enter the enclosure and catch up the horses pointed out by the foreman. These are in turn taken over by the several cow-punchers to whom they are allotted, and used for the half day's work.

This is the juncture at which any self-asserting animal will enter such protests as he feels he should. Saddling up after a meal, especially breakfast, is at times injurious to both necks and digestive organs. Things were fairly peaceable in this camp, however, and the cowmen, one by one, disappeared in the direction of the herd.

Saddling up BX and strapping my camera case to the horn, I followed leisurely. I was anxious to try my "quod-tripod"—this name has been invented for BX, as meeting all requirements—so I tested him carefully; for the camera was worth a little if I was not. He worked beautifully. Soon, from a commanding point, I had

a fine view of the round-up on the wide plain below.

It was indeed a sight calculated to make a back concession farmer burst a blood-vessel—thousands of cows and calves in an unbroken mass, bellowing tumultuously. The cowboys held them together while the representatives of one brand "cut out" their own. It is no small task. The sharp-eyed riders pace to and fro amongst the restless herd, till, having spied their especial mark upon a cow, they work her, with her bawling offspring, to the edge of the bunch, whence others drive her to a distance and hold her there. One by one and two by two they come, till all are collected ready to trail homeward. The work is always more or less exciting, and a few wild cows, like a few wilful women, can raise an appalling commotion in a crowd. The dashing, sweating horses, the earnestness of the men, the daring and skill displayed, have invariably a great effect upon the stranger who attends a round-up for the first time.

I tried conscientiously to get a snapshot of two of the "boys" stretching a steer. The steer was roped head and heel; their knowing cow-ponies stretched him upon the ground. The picture, although given herewith, is somewhat of a failure, owing to my quod-tripod getting excited and seeming doubtful as to which end of him was his head and which his tail. At one stage of the proceedings I honestly began to think they were on wrong, but, as I couldn't change them just then, I was obliged to make the best of circumstances. The galloping, and rushing and bellowing continued, till darkness compelled a cessation of the work, and the night herders took charge of the cattle.

By the light of the lantern in the cook's tent, the cattlemen ate their evening meal, then chatted, cracked jokes, sang songs, till finally, seeking their several tents, they rolled in their blankets and slept the sleep of the tired. The rattling of the tin dishes ceased; the light of the lantern disappeared; the unutterable silence of the

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RANGE CATTLE IN THE WINNIPEG YARDS AWAITING SHIPMENT.

great plains fell upon the camp. Among the shadowy bluffs a coyote whiningly howled.

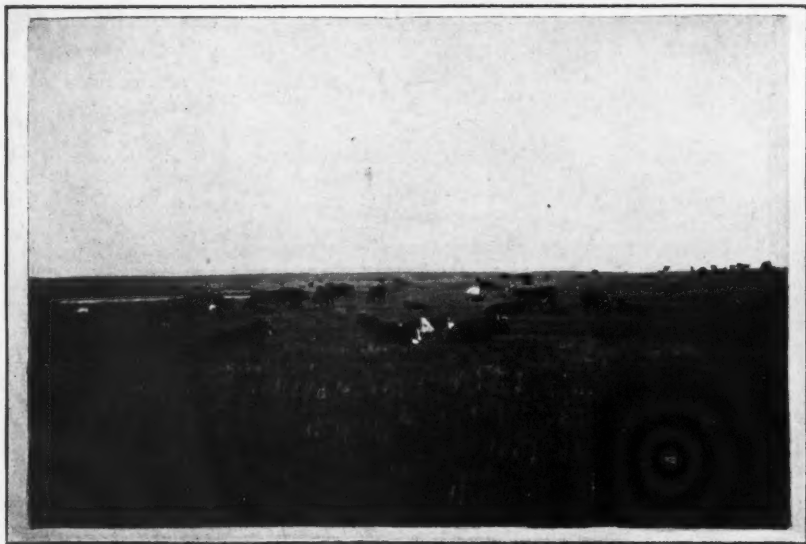
Far out on the dark plains the night herders sat their horses like statues, or sang as they paced about their nervous charges; a cow called in the blackness; another; another; then the far hills echoed with roaring sound of the multitude of beasts, swelling and dying and swelling again. The men wrapped their long coats closer and pulled their hats down low, for the air was keen.

So, day by day, the cutting out proceeded. Seven U, OH, IS, Anchor P, Eighty-six, all splashed across the river, and were swallowed up in the distance. Only the Bar U remained, and the end of the round-up was in sight. I was sorry, and experienced just such a feeling as I remembered having when a boy, the day after a circus. The Major was a great comfort at this period, and told me a number of serial yarns which had been told him by some people who had heard them from somebody else. I won't repeat them here because the

descendants of Ananias mightn't like it. However, I will maintain that if Ananias' yarns could trot in 2:30 on a cinder track, those the Major told could easily do the distance in 1:15 over a mud road.

Thus, as I have before stated, we reached the final stages of the round-up, and the weaning commenced. Both cows and calves were driven into a double corral with slip-bars between. Horsemen stirred them about, and whenever a cow got near the slip-bars she was jockeyed out. When all were gone the calves were turned into a big hay corral. They didn't like hay. That night nobody slept within a radius of one hundred miles.

Branding the late calves was the final operation. In the branding corral the mounted rope hand caught the young unfortunates by the heels, then dragged them to where the calf-wrestlers and men with the irons stood. One of the wrestlers seized the rope from the heels, another the tail, and pulling in opposite directions, gave the bawling animal a Dutch flip, then held him till the brand was prop-



CATTLE ON THE RANGE.

erly placed. This lot being too young to wean, were with their dams turned into pastures to be fed during the winter months.

Cattle all properly disposed of; calves branded or weaned; the round-up over; what remains?

Perhaps, on the part of the reader, a feeling of thankfulness that this article is at last finished. Certainly on

my own part, an intense hope that it may do a little towards awakening an intelligent interest in our great North-West in some minds where heretofore none existed.

So, then, with hearty thanks to my good friend Fred Stimson, of the Bar U, his household and the boys on the ranch—not forgetting my quod-tripod, BX—I make my adieux.

#### MOONLIGHT IN THE ROCKIES.

SHY-peeping from a cloud of silver mist,  
The Queen of Night peers down the darkened vales,  
Where hurried streams through devious channels twist,  
And babble forth their never-ending tales.

Black, sombre pines fantastic shadows fling  
From rock to rock adown the mountain-side,  
While waking leaves their dreamland secrets sing  
To fairy rangers of the forest wide.

Pale gleams the light on high-thrown battlements  
Of cloud-companioned, winter-mantled peak,  
(The age-long butt of hostile elements)  
Whose massive lines gigantic strength bespeak.

*Geo. E. Winkler.*

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## THE STORY OF EIGHT GENERAL ELECTIONS.

*By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun.*

### THE ELECTION OF 1867.

OF the group of British Americans who met in London toward the close of 1866 to frame the Confederation Act, Sir John Macdonald (as he soon after became) stood out pre-eminent and predominant. His fellow delegates, recognizing his ascendancy, had selected him as the chairman of their conferences. The Imperial authorities were impressed by his talent for management and adroitness. To them he was the ruling genius of the affair.\* Before leaving London he was asked by Lord Monck to form the first Ministry for the new Dominion. In Canada he was even more clearly acknowledged as the leading political force, for he had obtained not merely the headship of his own party but the confidence of a considerable section of his old opponents.

This supremacy of one man vitally affected the result of the elections of 1867. The situation was peculiar. It had been determined, as far as Ontario and Quebec were concerned, to continue the Coalition as a basis for the new Government. This enabled Sir John Macdonald to retain three Liberals of influence in his Cabinet. Mr. George Brown, the only antagonist he had real reason to fear, was thus prevented from reorganizing the Liberal party, which his force and vigour had done so much to create, in the very Province where its influence and power could best be displayed. The tactical skill of his opponent prevailed. Mr. Brown had retired from the Coalition, still pledged to Confederation, but on all other subjects bent on destroying the temporary alliance between the parties. A convention of Liberals was summoned to meet in Toronto in the early days of July, but is not easy to restore, by im-

passioned speeches and fervent newspaper articles, an organization that has been allowed to lapse.

To any man with less than George Brown's buoyancy of spirit and fertility of resource the failure, on the eve of the contest, to re-create his party would have meant final defeat. For the time being, indeed, he was overwhelmed. The new Cabinet contained men who drew support from all sections of the people. From the Maritime Provinces, where the party lines of Old Canada could not be made to operate, came some men who regarded the new Union with an open mind and were disposed to give it a fair trial. Those who had opposed Confederation in all the Provinces were chiefly Liberals and ranged themselves in Opposition. It was impossible for George Brown to rally these forces in his train because on the one subject which united them all he stood out—as a stout and uncompromising friend of the Confederation. His position was a trying one. If he could have got Dorion, Holton, Howe and Sandfield Macdonald to act together, a formidable and compact party would have resulted. But Sandfield Macdonald was soothed by the Premiership of Ontario. Howe was far away in Nova Scotia. There was no time for elaborate preparation.

In August and September the elections came on, and the Ministry swept the country except in Nova Scotia. Mr. Brown was defeated in South Ontario by Mr. Gibbs, and never again offered for the House of Commons. He took his repulse like a man. "I am not a bit discouraged by the result of the elections and did not feel two minutes' chagrin at my own defeat," he said.\* The blow to the party was

\*The Letters of Lord Blachford. London, 1896.

\*Life and Speeches of Hon. George Brown. Toronto, 1882.



more apparent than real, since he had previous to the elections formally resigned the leadership in favour of Mr. Mackenzie, and Mr. Blake, a growing power, was returned for West Durham. The Opposition emerged from the contest weak in numbers, but there was no lack of able men. From Nova Scotia came Joseph Howe and A. G. Jones; from New Brunswick T. W. Anglin; and from Quebec Holton, Dorion and Huntington. There was very little cohesion, it is true, among these forces, but if the leader of the Government had been less experienced, his nominal majority of eighty-five in a House of 181 members might soon have melted away. There was nothing like the party solidarity of ten years later, and a small and determined Opposition could have broken up a Ministry constituted of elements that would to-day be considered diverse.

The situation was also complicated by the fact that the Provincial elections took place simultaneously with those for the House of Commons. Dual representation obtained. That is a number of prominent men were elected to both Parliament and Legislature. For Provincial purposes Sandfield Macdonald was a Conservative with two members of that party in his Cabinet. At Ottawa he sat on the Opposition benches, nominally in a position of friendly neutrality. His acceptance of office had given great offence to the Liberal leaders, since his alliance with Sir John Macdonald had modified the position of affairs in Ontario to their disadvantage. A further complication, and one that was embarrassing to Ministers, was the attitude of Nova Scotia. Howe was resolved to fight Confederation at Ottawa, having failed to prevent it by personal appeals to the Imperial Government. Excepting Dr. Tupper every member elected from Nova Scotia was an opponent of the Ministry, and Mr. Archibald, the Secretary of State, was defeated.

Allowing for all the mishaps and disappointments which attended this election it was unquestionably a great

triumph for Sir John Macdonald. With his talent for diplomacy and conciliation it was work congenial to his disposition to weld inharmonious elements into a compact group. Looking over the field of battle in October, 1867, he was able, in a letter to a friend, to sum up the situation in these words:

"We have carried everything before us in the two Canadas and New Brunswick. Our majority is, in fact, too large. Nova Scotia, on the other hand, has declared as far as she can against Confederation, but she will be powerless for harm, although that pestilent fellow, Howe, may endeavour to give us some trouble in England."\* The master of tactics soon had "the pestilent fellow" in his Cabinet, and the Ministerial forces presented a strong and unbroken front.

#### THE ELECTION OF 1872.

Five years passed away. The first Parliament sat out its full term, and the fair prospect that promised at the outset to rule the fortunes of the party in power began to cloud over. There were several reasons for this. The Liberals had gained much meanwhile in organization, in experience and in popular strength. Mr. Mackenzie had proved himself a wise and resourceful leader. Mr. Blake had overturned the Sandfield Macdonald Ministry in Ontario, and Mr. George Brown, by personal effort and by the telling influence of the *Globe*, was rallying his erstwhile scattered forces to the cause of Reform.

The Government found itself exposed also to the criticism which naturally gathers about the acts of any Administration long in office. The Washington Treaty, acceptable enough to the Maritime Provinces, displeased Ontario on account of the failure to obtain redress for the Fenian Raids. Sir John Macdonald's enforced absence at Washington during the session of 1871 sensibly weakened the Ministry, for the mental

\*Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald. Ottawa, 1894.

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powers of his *locum tenens*, Sir George Cartier, were on the wane. The Government was still, in essence, a Coalition, and the constant presence and inspiration of its chief were required to keep it in good working order. Other causes had been operating to the disadvantage of the Ministry. When Sir John Rose left Canada to reside in England his party lost not only a competent Minister of Finance, but a highly popular member with pleasing manners and much sagacity. Sir Francis Hincks, who had been Liberal Prime Minister in Old Canada, but who had been absent for ten years on Imperial service in the West Indies, was selected to fill the vacancy. It was thought that his choice would be acceptable to Liberal supporters of the Government. The hope proved delusive. The Liberals were not enthusiastic, and Mr. Cartwright, an independent Conservative of brilliant promise, went at once into Opposition. Mr. Howland accepted the Lieut.-Governorship of Ontario, and Mr. William McDougall's unfortunate fiasco in the Northwest, saw his exit from the Government. When the election came on, therefore, the pact or coalition was manifestly shaken by the disappearance of the two men who had formerly helped to preserve it.

During this contest, too, there cropped up for the first time since Confederation the spectre of racial and religious discontent which it was hoped had been laid forever. The New Brunswick Catholics, deprived of their schools by Provincial legislation, appealed to the Federal authority. But they asked in vain, and the friends of Catholic schools made such a strong fight against Sir George Cartier, holding him responsible for the refusal to intervene, that in East Montreal he was routed by M. Jetté, the present Governor of Quebec.

In Ontario a campaign of an entirely opposite character was waged. The Orangemen were roused by the cruel murder of Scott at Fort Garry, who had been shot under orders from Riel, and the British sentiment in the Province

resented the terms of the Washington Treaty. Foreseeing the impossibility of maintaining a strong Ministry if the premier Province were to declare against him, Sir John Macdonald took, as he termed it, "regularly to the stump" in an effort to save the situation. In vain. He saved his own seat, and went to the rescue of many distressed supporters. The Government survived, because it retained its hold upon Quebec and New Brunswick, and because Nova Scotia, owing to Howe's withdrawal from the Repeal movement and the disruption of that party, declared for Confederation. But Ontario went over to the Liberals. Mr. Paterson, the present Minister of Customs, defeated Sir Francis Hincks in South Brant, and the Minister of Finance was forced, to his great chagrin, to seek a constituency in British Columbia. Narrow as was its majority, there seemed to be no reason to suppose that the Premier, who had weathered severer storms than this, would fail to pilot his Ministry through the breakers. He possessed still an immense popularity. His authority in leadership was undisputed by his own party. He held the reins of power, and no man knew better than he how to utilize an opportunity. But it is a truism in politics that the most disastrous blows come suddenly from a quarter whence they are least expected. Within twelve months the Pacific Scandal descended like a bolt from the blue and, to use an expression which has since seen much service, the Government tottered to its fall.

#### THE ELECTION OF 1874.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since the memorable campaign of 1873, with the election which followed so quickly upon it, and men still find it hard to speak or write without passion upon the issue that then divided the country. So violent the language used, so bitter the feelings aroused, and so easily did condemnation run into attacks on personal character that the standard of political controversy became fixed for years to come.

It is impossible here to review, even briefly, the various details of the Pacific Railway affair. There are some occasions on which a democratic electorate refuses to listen to explanations. This was such an occasion. There was evidence that large sums of money had been spent by at least two Ministers to carry the elections of 1872. It was proved that most of the money was obtained from Sir Hugh Allan, who expected, and who subsequently received, the presidency of the organization chartered to build the Canadian Pacific Railway. Compromising documents, stolen from Mr. Abbott's desk and imparting a sinister aspect to the whole transaction, were printed in the Liberal newspapers. Political excitement ran high. Many Conservatives began to weaken and fall away from their party. When Parliament met in October, 1873, Sir John Macdonald defended himself with earnestness and vigour. He explained in detail every phase of the question. On one point there could be no denial and no explanation. The money had been subscribed and spent. A spasm of horror went through an innocent and virtuous public. There appeared to be a general impression that elections were "made with prayers." Proof to the contrary shocked a number of worthy people, and, foreseeing defeat in the House, the Ministry resigned in November, 1873. Mr. Mackenzie was at once called in and, having formed an Administration, demanded, as he had every right to demand, a dissolution and a new House. The election took place in January, 1874.

What result could be expected from an election held under such circumstances? The Liberals were united, and they had a good case. They made the most of it, as they were entitled to do, because they doubtless believed in all sincerity (such are the pleasant ways of politics) that every Conservative politician was a vagabond and a robber. Lord Macaulay declared that he knew of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. The Cana-

da of 1874 was in this enviable frame of mind. If it was a reasonable frame of mind, Sir John Macdonald should never again have held office. That, for the moment, seemed to be the popular verdict.

It is interesting to consider a little in detail the effects of the storm that now burst over the devoted heads of the Conservative leader and his Parliamentary followers. There were places where a Conservative candidate dared not show his face. In others he had simply no chance at all. In this way many elections went Liberal by default. Others were carried by enormous majorities (on the then restricted register) for the Government. Mr. David Mills was returned by 463 majority, Mr. Wm. Paterson by 444, Mr. Blake by 321, Mr. E. B. Wood by 545, Mr. G. E. Casey by 325, Mr. D. A. Macdonald by 676, Dr. Landerkin by 385, Mr. David Blain by 527, Mr. L. S. Huntington by 446. Several of the Ministers, Messrs. Mackenzie, Cartwright, A. J. Smith and Wm. Ross were elected by acclamation. Mr. G. W. Ross (now Premier of Ontario) was also elected without a contest.

The chief cities nearly all elected Liberals. In Montreal the late Mr. Fred McKenzie and M. Jetté (now Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec) secured two of the seats. Toronto elected Messrs. Moss, Wilkes and O'Donohoe, all Liberals. Dr. St. Jean was one of the two Ottawa members. Halifax elected Mr. Power and Mr. A. G. Jones (now Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia). Mr. Carling was defeated in London by Colonel Walker, and Hamilton elected Messrs. Æmilus Irving and A. T. Wood (one of its present members).

The Conservative majorities were in a number of cases exceedingly small. Sir John Macdonald held Kingston by only 38, Mr. Abbott came out of Argenteuil with 4, Mr. Hillyard Cameron in Cardwell had but 64, Mr. Mackenzie Bowell in North Hastings but 95, while Mr. James Macdonald (afterwards Minister of Justice and Chief Justice of Nova Scotia) was defeated in

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Pictou, N.S. It was at this time that Dr. Borden (now Minister of Militia) came in for King's, N.S. Mr. D. A. Smith (now Lord Strathcona) was elected in Selkirk. Louis Riel was returned for Provencher, Manitoba, and actually took his seat. When the smoke of battle cleared away it was found that in a House of 206 members the Opposition leader's devoted little band numbered only 45!

How exciting this campaign was, old politicians love to tell. It is related that in one place in Western Ontario a joint meeting was addressed by two redoubtable warriors, T. M. Daly (the older), for the Tories, and E. B. Wood, for the Grits. Each speaker so warmed up his adherents, that a terrific fight began in the audience. Thinking it was time to depart, Mr. Daly quietly withdrew from the back door, and was groping his way to the road in the dark, when he stumbled over another figure also stealing away from the tumult. "Is that you, Daly?" a voice said, and he retorted, "Why, it's you, Wood!" The two orators, having set the voters by the ears, then amicably decamped together.

It was the custom in those days to print in a Parliamentary paper, after each general election, the "legal expenses" incurred in each constituency. Turn back to this veracious chronicle for 1874, and you will find that the elections in that year cost exactly \$99,530.27. Was that all they cost? There were proceedings in court later which showed that other sums, not entered in the return, had been spent by both parties. Consequently we no longer print the little return of "legal expenses," and many excellent persons have reached the conclusion that both parties are hopelessly corrupt, which is very far from the truth, since neither party is that. But Sir John Macdonald made a mistake in handling personally election money, which in England is manipulated by the party clubs; while Sir George Cartier committed a still more serious error in making the arrangement he did with Sir Hugh Allan—an individual who expected and

who received a favour from Ministers. But the most grievous error of all was in being found out. That is the chief moral which has since been drawn from the Conservative rout of 1874.

#### THE ELECTION OF 1878.

Walk along any street in any Canadian city in this year of grace, 1900, and you may, without serious search, meet the man who clearly foresaw the defeat of the Mackenzie Government. Such men are numerous to-day. They were not so plentiful in 1878. It is easy to be wise after the event. Now you are told that the long series of bye-election losses, the severe trade depression, and the rise of the Protection party all presaged the result.

At the time, these signs were not so plainly read. The bye-elections were explained, naturally enough, as the inevitable revival of the Conservatives after a crushing overthrow. The depression was not severer in Canada than elsewhere. Protection did not look formidable to low tariff men, but there were other conditions which pointed to at least a decline of Ministerial strength. The Government was neither as popular nor as vigorous as it had been. Mr. Blake had withdrawn. M. Dorion had been appointed to the bench. M. Letellier de St. Just had become Governor of Quebec; Mr. Donald Sandfield Macdonald, Governor of Ontario. Neither Mr. Mackenzie nor Mr. Cartwright desired or claimed to have the manners of a dancing master. Offence had doubtless been given by plain speaking to influential persons. More than all, it was found that the party in power were not, any more than the condemned Opposition, spotlessly white in the conduct of elections.

It is recorded that Sir John Macdonald was quite prepared for what happened. During the summer of 1878 his family wished to know if his house on St. George Street, Toronto, was to be retaken for another year. He was accordingly asked for his opinion. He replied: "If we do well we shall have

a majority of 60; if badly, 30." In point of fact he had 86 majority.

But, from the popular point of view, the result was a genuine surprise. The Liberal chiefs bore themselves with confidence. The little volume of "Picnic Speeches," which collectors of political literature cherish with care, indicates the feelings of a Ministry strong in rectitude of intention and convinced that democracy is not ungrateful. Free-trade was then a very respectable bogey. Protection was viewed as a disreputable device something after the character of a state lottery or an unlicensed grog shop. In the city of St. John, for example, it was necessary to explain that the National Policy meant "readjustment of the tariff," not high Protection, or Mr. Tilley would have been defeated. About this time, Lord Beaconsfield was heckled in the House of Lords by some Tory landlord who harked back to 1846 and 1852, but the British Conservative chieftain gracefully gave his old speeches the go-by, and refused to revive Protection. It appeared, therefore, as if the Canadian Liberals had little to fear from the new heresy. Mr. Bengough drew a clever caricature for *Grip*, the week preceding the elections, in which Miss Canada re-let her farm for another term to Farmer Mackenzie. Mr. Goldwin Smith, as often as not the champion of a losing cause, appeared on a Conservative platform in West York. Mr. Cartwright devoted himself with particular care (and notable success) to securing the defeat of Sir John Macdonald in Kingston, and there were not wanting signs (afterwards verified in the cases of Mr. Abbott, M. Langevin, Mr. Peter Mitchell and Mr. Plumb) that other prominent Conservatives would bite the dust.

A story often told of Hon. L. H. Holton, the stout champion of the English-speaking Radicalism in Quebec, well illustrates the astonishment created on the memorable night of Sept. 17th, 1878, when the returns came in. Mr. Holton repaired to that noted place of Liberal resort the "back office" of

the *Montreal Herald*. He sat silent while the more enthusiastic prepared to cheer. The reports grew more and more unfavourable. Still Mr. Holton said nothing. It soon appeared that all hope of victory was gone. Then he rose, put on his hat, and, remarking with unconscious ambiguity, "*Well, John A. beats the devil!*" homeward went his way.

It had been a battle of giants. As an offset to the defeats of several prominent Conservatives, four Cabinet Ministers went down in the fray: Cartwright, Laflamme, Jones and Coffin. Mr. Blake, who left for England before the dissolution, and omitted even to issue an address to the electors of his constituency, was defeated in South Bruce. But the feature of the battle was the restoration to power of Sir John Macdonald, who lived to see three more general elections, and who won them all. His old antagonist, George Brown, was beyond his reach, having been appointed to the Senate by Mr. Mackenzie in 1874, and if we read the *Globe* the morning after the contest, we shall find that the place of the usual sturdy political leading article is usurped by a quiet essay with the suggestive title "Prison Diet."

#### THE ELECTION OF 1882.

Perhaps the most curious feature of the election of 1882, to the reminiscent mind of to-day, is the undoubted fact that the Liberals fully expected to win. Mr. Edward Blake was now leader of his party, and his sonorous eloquence, fine presence, and lofty character made a great impression upon the public. At every meeting he was received with an enthusiasm which seemed to point to success at the polls. Nor was the personal acceptability of the leader the chief ground of Liberal hope. They arraigned the Government on several charges of considerable importance. The protective tariff was denounced in strong terms, and the poor consumer (who had scarcely had time to feel it), was called upon to vote against his task-masters. The terms of the bargain with the new syndicate form-



ed to build the Canadian Pacific Railway were the subject of a series of magnificent philippics by Mr. Blake. There was some reason to expect that a timorous electorate would shrink from assuming the burdens imposed by this bargain. Yet another ground of offence was the Redistribution Act, which had just divided the constituencies in a manner favourable to the Conservatives. This roused the party zeal of the Liberals to a degree that promised active work.

On the other hand, it seems clear enough now that solid interests of great potency in elections would determine the result. The National Policy had been carried into law during the Spring of 1879, and was thus but three years old. It had created or revived enough industries to make capital extremely averse to a change. The Canadian Pacific Railway was a factor in sustaining the Government that no argument could dispose of. As for the complaints of a "gerrymander," which involved an appeal to the sense of fair play, one might almost say with the cynic,

As soon  
Seek roses in December, ice in June;  
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;  
Believe a woman or an epitaph,  
Or any other thing that's false,

before you expect a democratic electorate to rebuke an offence of that kind.

But the poet was abroad in the land. It was the campaign of chorus, and of all bad verse that which is inspired by party violence is incomparably the worst. The Conservatives warbled such ditties as this:

Of all Dominion statesmen,  
We ne'er expect to see,  
One to compare in Canada  
With Sir John A., K.C.B.

At the Liberal meetings a number of party songs were sung to familiar airs, and the clamorous cheering which followed these musical efforts must have gone far to convince the staunch party men that "the country was with them." To this campaign belongs that famous song:

The traitor's hand is on thy throat,  
Ontario! Ontario!  
Strike down that traitor with thy vote,  
Ontario! Ontario!

It is probable that the Opposition concentrated too much of their enthusiasm and energy on one Province. The Ontario boundary question—a purely Provincial issue—was thus raised to the dignity of a policy, with consequent advantage to Mr. Mowat's party, but without doing the Liberals much good in other parts of Canada. There was really no counterpoise to the National Policy. Commercial Union was suggested to Mr. Blake by "a political architect of some note," but he declined to adopt it. The Conservatives claimed that the Liberals had "no policy." As a matter of fact they had a very reasonable programme: low tariff, economy, and several other reforms which, in an Opposition, constitute a fair alternative if the electors are in favour of change.

The election campaign took place in the beautiful month of June, and culminated in a decisive victory for the Ministry. Sir Charles Tupper played an important part in this contest, made a series of vigorous and effective speeches, and shared with Sir John Macdonald the honours of the fight.

An error in tactics was made by the Liberals. They allowed too many returns by acclamation, and the effect of twenty Conservatives elected unopposed, was bad. This error has always been avoided since by both parties. The loss of the Liberals in prominent men was also remarkable. Mr. Huntington, who had made the Pacific Scandal charges against Sir John Macdonald, went down in Shefford, and never again took any part in politics. Sir Albert Smith, of New Brunswick, one of Mr. Mackenzie's colleagues, was defeated in Westmoreland. Mr. Donald Sandfield Macdonald was unsuccessful in Glengarry, and, like Mr. Huntington, withdrew from public life. Mr. Mills was temporarily deprived of Bothwell, but soon regained the seat and has lived to play a very prominent and honourable part in three succeeding

Parliaments. Mr. Wm. McDougall, who had again cast in his lot with the Liberals, failed to carry Algoma. He, too, was seen no more in the House of Commons. But the election, on the whole, is not an interesting one. It presents few features, except the strength of the Protection policy, which leave a vivid impression on the mind.

#### THE ELECTION OF 1887.

An upheaval in the Province of Quebec, a vigorous and aggressive Opposition, and a period of stringency in trade combined to create an exceedingly alarming situation for the Government of Sir John Macdonald during the year 1886. Many wise politicians shook their heads over the prospect. The Prime Minister himself, as one may learn from his Memoirs, was not confident. Under any other leader it is doubtful if the Conservatives could have succeeded on this occasion.

Several complications had arisen. The Northwest Rebellion was the most serious of these. When the rising was quelled, and the insurgent leader put on trial for his life, it became a subject of intense interest to know what Sir John Macdonald would do. If he allowed Riel to be hanged the chances were that the French-Canadians would desert the Conservative party en masse. If Riel's sentence was commuted to imprisonment the Province of Ontario would go over to the Liberals. The Opposition played a waiting game. The position was amusingly illustrated by the attitude of one Reform journal in Ontario. "Things have come to a pretty pass," it declared, "when a red-handed rebel was to be allowed to escape the consequences of his misdeeds." This was said when there was a general opinion that Riel would not be hanged. The execution took place. The same journal again came out strongly. "Things have come to a pretty pass," it asserted, "when a deduced half-breed could be done to death for a rising brought on by maladministration, when the real criminals, the Ministers, guilty of neglect and oppres-

sion, tried to escape." It is probable that with such people either course taken by the Government would have been condemned.

In Quebec a wild scene of political tumult and confusion succeeded the execution. Demonstrations of hostility to the French-Canadian Ministers took place at many points. The usual programme was a meeting at night addressed by several eloquent orators of both parties. A procession of hot-headed young men would march to the place of meeting with banners and effigies of Messrs. Langevin, Chapleau and Caron labelled "*Chevaliers de la corde*." Mr. Mercier, the Liberal leader in Quebec, and Mr. Laurier, the principal lieutenant of Mr. Blake, were the chief figures in this effective campaign. The *chevaliers* themselves—execrated by their own race, denounced at every street-corner, thrown for comfort upon the dangerous sympathy of the English provinces—said nothing. The Provincial elections in Quebec came on, and Mr. Mercier succeeded in ousting the Conservatives from power.

It could no longer be concealed that a section of Sir John Macdonald's Quebec followers in the House had "bolted."

In Ontario the outlook was not favourable. Mr. Mowat joined hands with Mr. Blake, greeted Mr. Mercier's triumph with enthusiasm, and prepared to lend a strong and willing hand to his federal allies. During the autumn of 1886, therefore, the prospects of the Conservatives were far from bright when the time approached for an election. Sir John Macdonald's tactical skill now displayed itself. He had shortly before strengthened his Ministry by the addition of three exceptionally able men whose entrance into the Government had excited scarcely any comment, such is the singular blindness that often afflicts the judgment of the party press at a time of great excitement. These new Ministers—Mr. Thompson, who resigned from the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, and was scarcely known at all outside his own Province; Mr. Thomas White, who be-



came Minister of the Interior, and Mr. G. E. Foster, eventually filled the post of Minister of Finance—brought new life into the Administration. A speech-making tour was announced, and Sir John Macdonald's principal resort to all the denunciation, the passion and the race feeling that formed the staple of Opposition oratory, was—the National Policy!

Is it so wonderful that the clever critics of the Opposition greeted this with gibes and derision? The National Policy was almost venerable as a campaign cry. All the arguments were familiar. The country was being roused on questions of a different kind, and it seemed at least a trifle irrelevant to meet complaints of misgovernment in the West, an outraged nationality in Quebec, the activity of the old Repealers in Nova Scotia, with the stock rhetoric about the national industries and the workingmen. The *Toronto Globe* called the Conservative tour "the Chestnut Combination" because the stories were old, and the arguments sounded like platitudes. The meetings, however, were very successful, and men who were accustomed to look below the surface declared that Ontario at least would stand by Sir John Macdonald. Doubters were not lacking. Mr. Blake's leadership had reached the zenith of its authority and influence. Quebec was thoroughly aroused. Nova Scotia was said to be more hostile to Confederation than at any time since the days of Howe.

A bye-election that took place in Haldimand was ominous. The death of the sitting member had created a vacancy, and the Conservatives resolved to test Ontario sentiment in an avowedly Reform constituency. Their candidate was Major Merritt, who is now in South Africa. If Haldimand could be carried on a platform of protest against the race agitation in Quebec, what might not be expected from the rest of the Province? The *Toronto Mail*, with Mr. Edward Farrer for editor, printed a series of strong articles on the attitude of the French-Canadians, and that afterwards famous declaration "smash

Confederation into its original fragments," was one of many sentences which threatened to deprive Sir John Macdonald altogether of Quebec support if he could be held accountable for the utterances of his chief newspaper supporter. When the votes were counted in Haldimand it remained to the Liberals. They were as heartened by the result as the Conservatives were discomfited.

Mr. Mowat now executed a strategic move, advised it is said by Mr. Blake, which must have still further disconcerted the Conservatives. He suddenly dissolved the Ontario Legislature and fixed the elections for December 30th, 1886. Their issue was an emphatic verdict in favour of the Liberals, so that when the New Year dawned there was an idea that Sir John Macdonald would hardly risk a dissolution at a time so unpropitious. January, however, was not far spent before dissolution came, and the date of the elections was fixed for February 22nd.

It was a cold, bright winter with immense quantities of snow. Campaigning was no easy task when trains were delayed, roads blocked, and school-houses and halls either piping hot or severely cold. When the time came for counting up the returns, the feelings of the two parties may accurately be defined in this way: the majority of Liberals were absolutely sure of winning, the majority of Conservatives were uneasy and uncertain. The Government undoubtedly had a close call. Owing to the stormy weather the telegraphic reports were much delayed, and at first it seemed as if the hopes of the Opposition would be realized. Quebec went Liberal. Ontario remained Conservative, and in the Maritime Provinces the Government held its own. To this election belongs the *Toronto Globe's* Liberal majority of "one" which for some days it stoutly maintained to be the actual result of the fight. No doubt this majority is still in the *Globe* office. It never found its way into the House of Commons. When a division took place in Parliament a few weeks

later the majority for the Ministry was twenty-two.

The morning after the election Sir John Macdonald, elated by victory, broke through a rule which for some years he had maintained: he granted an interview to a newspaper reporter.

Mr. Blake, mortified by the failure of his own Province to support him, and overwhelmed by the severe strain upon his health, occasioned by so arduous and gallantly contested a struggle, resigned the leadership of the Liberal party, and Mr. Laurier began the nine years' fight, which ended in his being Prime Minister.

#### THE ELECTION OF 1891.

It is customary to call this the "loyalty campaign." The "loyalty cry," indeed, played a large part for several weeks before the election, but the events which led up to this phase of the political situation were of more importance. It would require an elaborate and careful examination of the political events of 1888, 1889 and 1890 to determine how far popular approval of Unrestricted Reciprocity was a factor in nearly wiping out the Conservative majority at the election of 1891. I am inclined to think that it was not the main influence, and that other questions affecting the Conservative party had more to do with the result.

The anti-Jesuit agitation, for example, did much to destroy the unity of the Conservatives in Ontario. The leader of the movement, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, was the most prominent among the younger men in the Conservative party, and in some quarters was regarded as the possible successor of Sir John Macdonald. The history of his gradual withdrawal from his old associates is interesting. He had, previous to the appearance of Sir John Thompson on the scene, been offered a portfolio in the Government, that of Minister of Justice, it was said. But his large practice as a barrister prevented him from accepting it. The Premier, casting about for some one to fill the position, found Sir John

Thompson, who soon demonstrated his superior ability. When the Government decided not to disallow the Quebec Act dealing with the Jesuits' Estates, Mr. McCarthy came into active conflict with Sir John Thompson. The former possessed the advantage of being a popular Protestant leader in a Protestant Province, and the agitation which he conducted gave him considerable influence in the country, however meagre its voting strength in the House might be. When the dissolution of 1891 took place, many Conservative candidates knew that their vote on the Jesuits' Estates Act of 1888 would be remembered against them, and they suffered accordingly.

The Catholics, on the other hand, could not fail to be influenced in their feelings by so vehement an agitation, conducted, to all appearance, largely within the Conservative party by so influential a member of it as Mr. McCarthy. It is said that in some Ontario constituencies the Conservative candidate found himself being ground between the upper and the nether millstone, between the hostility of zealous Protestants and the apathy of Catholics who resented the attack on their church. At any rate, many Ontario Conservatives faced the election with little enthusiasm. Sir John Macdonald would probably have preferred an election in the autumn of 1890, but it was postponed until the following spring.

In Quebec, Count Mercier, whose whole career reads like a chapter from "Monte Cristo," was lending effectual assistance to Mr. Laurier, who, as leader of the Liberal party and a possible Prime Minister, had a stronger claim than ever upon the French-Canadians. It was plain that the Liberals stood to gain in Quebec. As far as the Maritime Provinces were concerned the Conservatives considered themselves strong. Unrestricted Reciprocity was not a winning card there.

As a factor in the elections, therefore, the policy of free trade with the United States was chiefly confined to Ontario. Sir Richard Cartwright's

speeches were exceedingly able and brilliant, and the Conservatives allowed him almost full sway. They held no counter-demonstrations of equal importance until the very eve of the elections, and the prospect of having the American as well as the British market to sell in must have attracted farmers not a few who saw themselves cut off by the McKinley Act from a very profitable trade. The Conservatives may have thought that the commercial gain would be obscured by the menace it involved to the political allegiance of the people. This view of the matter was continually pushed forward, until it culminated in the campaign which even yet is a delicate matter to discuss in a mixed political company. The object of this paper being to set down the conditions that prevailed at the time, rather than to discuss them with any animus, I would be sorry to seem offensive in frankly outlining the situation as it appears after the lapse of ten years. But I cannot help stating that the speeches made in the United States by several eminent politicians served to put them in an extremely awkward position. A public man cannot be too careful of his utterances in a foreign country. These speeches, and the working out of the policy itself, seemed to many honest men in both parties to endanger the connection of Canada with the British Empire, and the consequence was that a controversy broke out of unusual intensity and bitterness.

One of the outstanding features of the campaign was the storm which raged around the correspondence of Mr. Farrer, at that time the leader-writer for the *Toronto Globe* under Mr. Willison, its managing editor. It is not often that a journalist, even one of Mr. Farrer's high intellectual attainments, suddenly finds himself a leading figure in a national election. No doubt if Mr. Farrer had been writing-editor for any other newspaper than the *Globe*, his achievements would have passed without remark. Sir John Macdonald denounced his pamphlet on the fisheries question at the great Toronto meeting ;

and subsequently, at Windsor, Sir Charles Tupper read some correspondence which passed between Mr. Farrer, Mr. Wiman and Congressman Hitt. All this intensified the excitement. The pamphlet had been sent to the Government by a printer in the establishment where it was being set up in type, but the name of the person who furnished the letters has never been divulged. It is one of the few political secrets which has been well kept.

But the strangest feature in the affair, and one which all worthy persons with a keen interest in political conflict should remember, is that when the fight was over the interest in these affairs subsided. The people moved on to some new stage of the game, and Mr. Farrer's pamphlet and letters disappeared into the limbo of forgotten things.

The election resulted in a moderate majority for the Government, drawn chiefly, as Sir Richard Cartwright said, from the "shreds and patches of Confederation," meaning thereby the extreme east and west. The parties were almost equally divided in the two central Provinces of the Dominion, a condition never pleasing to any Government. But Sir John Macdonald had won, and this, his last political fight, showed perhaps more than any other the extraordinary hold he possessed upon the imagination and the affection of the Canadian people.

#### THE ELECTION OF 1896.

The events connected with the eighth general election are too recent and familiar in men's minds to require any recital. By far the most interesting, as it was to most people the most unexpected result, was the complete overthrow of the Conservatives in Quebec. The Ministry of Sir Charles Tupper had been strengthened by the admission of several capable and popular French-Canadians, and the policy on the school question was one calculated to attract rather than repel the average Quebec voter. It was sup-

posed that the clerical authorities would favour the Government, but if they did, the power long imputed to them failed on that occasion to have the least effect. A story is told of one *curé* who decided upon maintaining a strictly impartial attitude, and who, in his discourse on the Sunday previous to the election, concluded with these words: "It is not for me, *mes enfants*, to tell you for which party you should vote, but I would have you remember that the place on high (pointing to the Heavens) is *bleu*, while the other (pointing downward) is *rouge*." As the

Conservatives of Quebec are known as the *Bleus*, and the Liberals as the *Rouges*, the good *curé* could safely leave his hearers to note the parallel and apply the moral. An Ontario Liberal, with decided views concerning Quebec, was heard to remark on the morning after the election: "I never had much opinion of the people of Quebec, but now they can have everything they want." It is one of the humours of politics to find how quickly one's opinion of a man changes if he votes our way.

## CANADIAN LIBRARIES.\*

By James Bain, Jr., Librarian Toronto Public Library.

AT a meeting of the Association held at the Thousand Islands in 1887, I had the honour of reading a paper on the past history and present condition of the libraries of Canada. My task on this occasion will be to continue that paper, to report upon the progress made since that period, and upon the present condition of the libraries throughout the Dominion.

I trust that I will not be held presumptuous in pointing out to our American friends that, like the United States, Canada is a federation of self-governing Provinces, to each of which has been assigned by the Central Government certain specified subjects for local administration. Among these is that of education, which, of course, is inclusive of libraries. These Provinces, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have been settled or partially settled in different ways, and at more or less recent periods. That in which we this year meet will soon celebrate its 400th anniversary, and still preserves the language and customs which it brought from the land of the "fleur de lis." It will be necessary,

therefore, to take each in detail, and I propose to commence with the extreme east and pass them in review to the far west.

Nova Scotia is the oldest of the English-speaking Provinces, and is largely maritime. The population is scattered along the coast, and in it there are to be found few large towns. Halifax, its capital, engrosses most of the libraries. The first and largest of these is the Legislative Library, with which has been united that of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and numbers in books and pamphlets 32,500. It is specially rich in its early official MSS., journals, records and papers relating to the difficulties with the Acadians, and the troubles to which the early settlers were exposed. Of these a catalogue was prepared in 1886. Dalhousie University, the largest university in the Maritime Provinces, has in its Arts Library 11,760 volumes, and in the Law Library 8,000 volumes. The Nova Scotian Institute of Science, which regularly publishes its valuable Transactions, has a collection of books,

\* Read before this year's meeting of the American Library Association at Montreal.



principally on science, amounting to 3,700. Halifax is fortunate in possessing a public library, which is called the Citizens' Free Library, and which under the energetic management of Miss Warren is doing excellent work. It now contains 22,300 volumes, and has recently issued a subject catalogue worthy of the city. There is also a circulating library which is not free, containing 15,000 volumes, known as the Garrison Library. In Antigonish the College of St. Francis Xavier has 2,500 volumes, mainly theological, and in Windsor the venerable King's University, with its numerous gifts from England, has a library which, though not large in number, contains many treasures. The author subject catalogue, prepared by Mr. Piers in 1893, indicated 7,500 volumes. In Wolfville, in the Evangeline country, Acadia College has 8,500 volumes.

Nova Scotia has thus nine libraries, with a total of 90,020 volumes.

The little island of Prince Edward, lying in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, has only one town of any size, Charlottetown. It contains two libraries—that of the Legislature, which has 4,800 books and pamphlets, and that belonging to the Bar, consisting of 2,700 law books—making a total of 7,500 volumes.

To the west of Nova Scotia lies the Province of New Brunswick, peopled principally by descendants of the Loyalists. St. John, the chief commercial city, has an active public library, containing 12,000 volumes, which is doing good work under Miss Martin's management. In the north end of the city a free library has been in operation for some years, containing 3,000 volumes, and the Church of England Institute has thrown open its 2,000 volumes to all subscribers of one dollar per annum. The legal profession has accumulated 3,500 volumes. But the principal libraries of the Province are to be found at the capital, Fredericton, the largest

of which is the Legislative Library, amounting to 15,000 volumes, and the next, that of the University of New Brunswick, 8,500. The Barristers' Society has also 3,030. In the town of Sackville, Mount Allison College has now 8,500 volumes. The total for the Province is eight libraries containing 55,530 volumes.

Passing farther west, we have the large Province in which we now meet, Quebec—containing within its borders the wealthy and beautiful commercial capital of the Dominion, Montreal, and the picturesque and historic capital of the Province, Quebec. Of the library of the richly endowed institution under whose auspices we are gathered, and the results of the labours of Mr. Gould, it is not necessary for me to speak further than to refer you to the figures which follow—"Si monumentum requiris circumspecte." The libraries of the city number thirty-one and contain 413,025 volumes, as follows :

#### FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Fraser Institute, estab. 1870, opened 1885 :  
35,000 vol. and pamph.

Has acquired the Mercantile Library and that of the Institut Canadien.

Chateau de Ramezay—estab. 1890, about  
6,000 vol. and pamph.

Does not lend books and has no catalogue.

Montreal Free Library (under Jesuits' Church.) Estab. 1889—circulating only.  
English section, 8,000 vol.; French section, 12,000 vol.—20,000 vol.

Managed as to English part by committee of three ladies ; small printed catalogue of English section only.

Westmount Free Public Library, opened  
1899, 2,500 vol.

Supported by town of Westmount, free to all as a reference library, circulating only to citizens of Westmount : dictionary card catalogue.

#### SUBSCRIPTION, INSTITUTES, ETC.

Bibliothèque paroissiale de Notre-Dame, et du cercle Ville Marie. Belongs to Seminary of St. Sulpice, 16,000 vol.

Subscription 50c. for six months, which entitles to borrow one book at a time, on a deposit of 50c.

Mechanics' Institute, estab. 1840; 14,162 vol. and pamph;

Now re-classifying on Cutter's expansive system; printed catalogue.

Grand Trunk Literary and Scientific Inst., 7,150 vols.  
Printed catalogue.

Bibliothèque de l'Immaculée Conception (Jesuits' Parochial Library), 3,000 vol.  
Bishops' College (medical), 579 vol.

Ecole Normale Jacques Cartier, 12,500 vol. and pamph.

Laval University (branch of Laval at Quebec), Law, 8000; Medical, 4,000—12,000.

Has only law and medical books.

McGill University, estab. 1856, 58,042 vol.  
Author and subject card catalogue incomplete; class E. C.

McGill Medical Library, 21,000.  
One of the most complete medical libraries on the continent.

#### MCGILL UNIVERSITY AFFILIATED COLLEGES.

Presbyterian College of Montreal, 16,000 vol.

Manuscript catalogue.

Congregational College of Montreal, 3,500 vol.

No catalogue, book class E. C.

Montreal Diocesan College (now includes Synod Library), 4,700 vol.

Dictionary card catalogue; class E. C.

Wesleyan College, 3,000 vol.

Montreal College, estab. 1800, 45,000 vol.  
Property of the Séminaire de Notre Dame.

St. Mary's College (Jesuit), general library, 20,000 vol.; ref., 5,000 vol.; St. Mary's Archives, students, 7,000—32,000 vol.

Seminary of St. Sulpice, 50,000 vol.  
With valuable archives.

Library of the Seminary of Philosophy, 20,000 vol.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND SPECIAL.

Architectural Association of the Province of Quebec, 250 vol. Card dictionary catalogue; class E. C.

Art Association of Montreal, 650 vol.  
Printed catalogue only.

Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, 1,750 vol. No catalogue nor classification.

Natural History Society—incorporated 1827, about 6,000 vol. No catalogue nor classification.

Provincial Board of Health, 1,500 vol.  
Printed catalogue.

Y.M.C. Association—founded 1854, 3,800 vol. Printed subject and author catalogue.

Y.M.C. Association—reorganized 1899, 632 vol. Dictionary card catalogue; class, E. C.

#### LAW.

Advocates' Library—estab. Mar. 27, 1828, Incorporated 1849, 17,010 vol.

New York Life Law Library—estab. 1889 for use of Tenants only, 6,500 vol.  
Printed catalogue.

The largest university library in the Dominion is that of Laval at Quebec, unrivalled for its collection of early Canadian historical material. Vicar-General Hamel has charge of its 110,000 volumes. The Legislative Library for the Province, which is in the Parliament Buildings, Quebec, has about 50,000 volumes; the Department of Public Instruction 11,000; the Legal Library of the members of the Bar 13,000, and the Literary and Historical Society 19,000 volumes. In 1890 a free Workman's Library was opened at St. Roch's, one of the divisions of Quebec, which receives a subvention from the city and now contains 4,000 volumes. In addition to these libraries in the city of Quebec, there is a town library in Sherbrooke containing 5,000 volumes, and college libraries in St. Hyacinthe, Sainte Anne de la Pocatière and Three Rivers respectively 25,000, 13,000 and 7,000.

The Province has therefore forty libraries containing 670,025 volumes.

The wealthier and more homogeneous Province of Ontario has had for the past eighteen years a free library act among its statutes. Under this act six cities and towns with 65,367 volumes had, when I reported in 1887, availed themselves of its permissive powers, which number has now increased to 120. There were also at that time 125 Mechanics' Institutes, containing 206,146 volumes, scattered throughout the Province. These were supported partly by Government grant and partly by private annual subscriptions, but in 1895 the Legislature passed an act converting them into public libraries. Permission was given to any municipal council to appoint a board of management, which was authorized to take over the Mechanics' Institute

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Library of the town or village and to carry it on as a free public library—the funds being provided by the Government and the municipality. When the municipality did not take over the library, power of incorporation was given to not less than ten persons to form a body for the purpose of providing a public library, financial assistance being given by the Government. Thus the policy of the Administration of Ontario has been steadily directed to the municipal ownership of libraries and the putting them on a more permanent basis than can exist under associations of private individuals. As a consequence of this policy there are now in the Province 406 public libraries, 120 of which are free and 286 partially so, these latter being almost entirely in the smaller towns and villages. The largest of these libraries, Toronto, contains 110,000 volumes and the smallest about 250. The united income for 1899 amounted to \$193,421; their assets were valued at \$935,976; they contained 862,047 volumes, and their issue of books for the year was 2,547,131.

The library which is maintained by the Legislature for its own use has grown rapidly during the past few years, under the management of Mr. Avern Pardoe, and now contains 70,000 volumes, and the Educational Library in the department of the Minister of Education, which is freely opened to all students, has 19,690 volumes.

From the number of higher educational institutions in the Province we might freely anticipate a proportionate number of libraries. The largest of these, the University of Toronto, numbers 60,000; Queen's University, Kingston, has 36,000; Ottawa University 35,000. The total number of books reported from the eighteen Universities and colleges is 230,300.

The Law Society of Ontario is a corporation composed of the legal profession of the Province, which among other duties provides for the training and examination of students-at-law, and has its library in Osgoode Hall, Toronto, numbering 29,894 volumes.

It also aids in the formation and maintenance of local law libraries in each county town. These number 24, and their libraries contain from a few hundred to 4,000 volumes each. They are estimated to contain a total of 50,000 volumes, which gives the number of law books in Ontario libraries as 79,894. There are also 11 scientific and other societies whose collections of books number 25,736.

Summarizing these we find this Province contains 439 libraries which are more or less open for public use, and which have on their shelves 1,287,667 volumes.

Proceeding west, we have the Province of Manitoba on the great prairie land in the centre of the continent. Winnipeg almost entirely engrosses what libraries it has, and the largest of these is the Legislative Library, which inherited whatever small collection of books were in the Red River before the formation of the Province. It now contains 17,435 volumes, and is rich in papers and documents pertaining to the early days. The Literary and Historical Society have arranged with the city authorities to maintain a free library, and have thrown open for reference their own library, which now numbers about 15,000 volumes. The University of Manitoba, with its affiliated colleges, has about 8,000 and the Law Library of the Law Society 6,000 volumes. These four libraries contain 46,435 volumes.

The Northwest Territories have a library in connection with its Legislature at Regina, which contains about 3,500 volumes.

Finally, facing the Pacific, we have the Province of British Columbia, which, though limited in population, in library matters is one of the progressive Provinces of the Dominion. Two years ago finding that many mining camps and isolated agricultural districts were without means of instruction, they organized a series of

travelling libraries. During the past year twenty-four such libraries of 100 volumes each were circulating through the Province, and it is believed were productive of much good. The Legislative Library, housed in the beautiful building at Victoria, contains nearly 6,000 volumes, and the Law Library in the same place about 2,000. In addition, Victoria contains a Public Library with 5,000 volumes. The towns of Westminster and Vancouver have also free Public Libraries, the former containing 1,500 volumes and the latter about 1,000. Efforts are being made by the Legislative Librarian, Mr. Scholfield, to organize a Provincial Association which will do much to extend the library system within their borders.

British Columbia has therefore five libraries containing 14,500 volumes and 2,400 in its travelling libraries.

I have not included in my estimate the libraries under the control of the central Government at Ottawa. First among these is the principal library of the Dominion—the Library of Parliament—which now contains by estimate 200,000 volumes. Everyone who has seen the beautiful building in which this collection is housed will regret that more space was not provided for accessions, and the problem of how to increase the available space without injury to the architectural effect is one which will soon have to be faced. The Library of the Geological and Natural History Survey is attached to the museum and contains 16,000 books and pamphlets. The Library of the Supreme Court consists of 19,500 law books. The work of the Archivist of the Dominion, Dr. Douglas Brymner, is so well known that it is barely necessary to call attention to the remarkable collection of documents, original and copied, over which he exercises supervision. The library which is attached contains about 10,000 volumes, principally referring to Canadian history and topography.

At the Meteorological Office at Toronto, the collection of books princi-

pally on meteorology and magnetism numbers 5,000 volumes.

These five Government libraries contain a total of 250,000 volumes.

It is a matter of regret that the free library system has not yet made greater progress within the Dominion, and that the only Provinces which have adopted it are those of Ontario and British Columbia. The prospects are, however, encouraging. The fact that the cities of Halifax, St. John, Quebec and Winnipeg have established libraries as part of their municipal organization, and that in Montreal the suburb of Westmount has made a commencement, shows that the necessity for them is being felt, and that the next stage of extending them throughout their respective Provinces will follow in due course. In the meantime it will be seen from the figures given that the number of volumes within the Dominion has risen from 1,103,000 to 2,420,577; that special libraries are abundant, the larger cities being fully up to the average of American cities. The large number of universities and colleges throughout the older parts of the Dominion are turning out a body of graduates who must ultimately mould public taste and guide their fellow-citizens into reading habits; and the meeting of the American Library Association in the principal commercial city of the Dominion will form no small factor in this educational work, emphasizing, as it does, the influence and extent of the work on this continent, and the professional requirements of those to whom it is committed.

#### SUMMARY.

	Libs.	Vols.
Nova Scotia.....	9	90,020
Prince Edward Island.....	2	7,500
New Brunswick.....	6	50,530
Quebec.....	41	670,025
Ontario.....	439	1,287,667
Manitoba.....	4	46,435
Northwest Territories.....	1	3,500
British Columbia.....	5	16,900
General Government libraries	5	250,000
Total in 1900.....	512	2,420,577
In 1887.....		1,103,000
Increase.....		1,317,577

# CHINESE CARRIERS



CHINESE GONDOLA OR "SAMPAN." THE POLE AT THE BOW OF THE BOAT IS TO HELP IT FIND ITS WAY.

## TERRESTRIAL TRAVELLING FOR CELESTIALS.

*By Harry C. Smart.*

IN keeping with the general characteristics of the Celestial race, their different modes of locomotion, whether by land or water, are slow and cumbrous, and in most cases decidedly uncomfortable.

Both their vehicles and boats seem to be purposely constructed in such a way as to render it impossible for them to travel with any speed. Throughout the length and breadth of the Celestial Empire it would be difficult to find a craft with anything but a flat nose; it has never occurred to the Chinese

mind that a boat with a pointed stem would probably travel faster than one with a flat nose; their ancestors travelled slowly, and they are quite content to do likewise.

The commonest and most comfortable form of travelling all over the eighteen provinces is by chair or palanquin, which is borne by two, three, four, or eight men, according to the rank and financial position of the individual carried. It is essentially the mode of conveyance used by the official and wealthier classes, and corresponds



THIS ONE-WHEEL BARROW IS USED BY THE CHINESE AS A WAGGON, OMNIBUS, OR CART.



THE PALANQUIN OF A MANDARIN OF ONE OF THE LOWER GRADES.

to our carriage and hansom. Only mandarins of higher grade—those who wear the red button—are permitted to have eight bearers; merchants and officials of the lower grades never being allowed more than four bearers, and any infringement of this law is severely punished. It does seem horrible when men have to com-

pete with horses and oxen for a living, but the coolies are quite oblivious of their degradation; they earn fourpence and fivepence a day, on which they can support themselves and families, and so they are content.

The endurance of these palanquin bearers is wonderful; over the steepest hill and most rugged country they will travel from sunrise to sunset, performing wonders of skill and endurance,

laughing and joking all the while, as if their work were some huge joke. Good bearers will perform their work in such a manner that all jolting is done away with, which renders the chair the most comfortable conveyance in the Flowery Kingdom.

The one-wheel barrow shown on this page takes the place of our waggon, omnibus, and cart. It serves to convey produce and pigs to mar-



HALF A TON OF CHINESE GIRLS CAN BE CARRIED A MILE OR TWO FOR A PENNY ON A ONE-WHEEL CART.

ket, to take the business man round the town, and to carry a family out for a holiday into the country. As seen in our illustration, the passengers sit on either side, the wheel being in the centre. When the weight of the sides is uneven—as it usually is—it is no easy matter for the coolie to balance his vehicle, and it frequently happens that a party of Celestial ladies and gentlemen are deposited in the mud. To either handle of the barrow is attached a rope, which passes over the back of the coolie; thus the greater part of the weight rests on his back.

should be, and the passenger offers half the amount he thinks it should be. After a heated and lengthy discussion, and many wild gesticulations, during which the coolie and the passenger throw violent words at one another, perhaps within the course of twenty minutes they strike the happy medium, and away the coolie wheels his passenger.

The absence of any springs makes wheel-barrow riding anything but a pleasure. Most Canadians would rather walk twenty miles than ride one mile on a Chinese barrow: it is one of the



SAFE TRAVELLING—CHINA PACKED IN STRAW.

Like the English hansom, these barrows wait for their fares at the different street corners; to watch a Celestial engage a barrow is one of the most amusing sights in the world. There are no fixed prices for the service of these barrow men—nothing except lying is fixed in the Celestial empire—and while the fixing of the fare is proceeding, a Chinaman could in most cases walk to the place to which he desires to be wheeled.

At the onset the barrow coolie asks five or six times the amount the fare

most painful operations I know. The great weight that these barrow coolies will wheel is almost incredible; for a large barrow half a ton is a common load.

The palanquin shown on the second page of this article is that of a mandarin of one of the lower grades; the man on horseback is his valet. The other chair illustrated is used for travelling over rough country and for long journeys.

There are not many Canadian labourers who would care about wheeling the





A CHAIR OF THIS KIND IS USED BY THE CHINESE WHEN TRAVELLING OVER ROUGH COUNTRY AND ON LONG JOURNEYS.

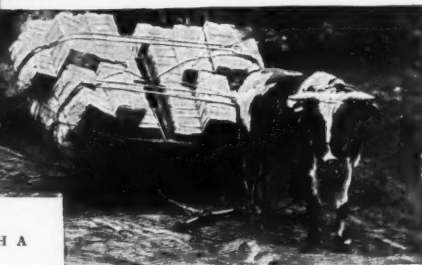
nine daughters of China shown in the picture on p. 34 along a rough road for a mile or two for the handsome sum of one penny—the girls would easily turn the scale at half a ton. At all the treaty ports in China these bar-

row coolies are extensively engaged by foreigners in carrying goods between the different wharves and warehouses.

In Northern China the barrows are pulled by either donkeys or bullocks, a coolie holding the handle of the vehicle to balance it, and the skill with which he guides the barrow is remarkable. In Peking and the surrounding country all heavy goods appear to be carried by barrow; in fact, the dilapidated state of the roads makes it almost impossible for any other mode of conveyance. These roads are supposed to be repaired every year, but the repairing only

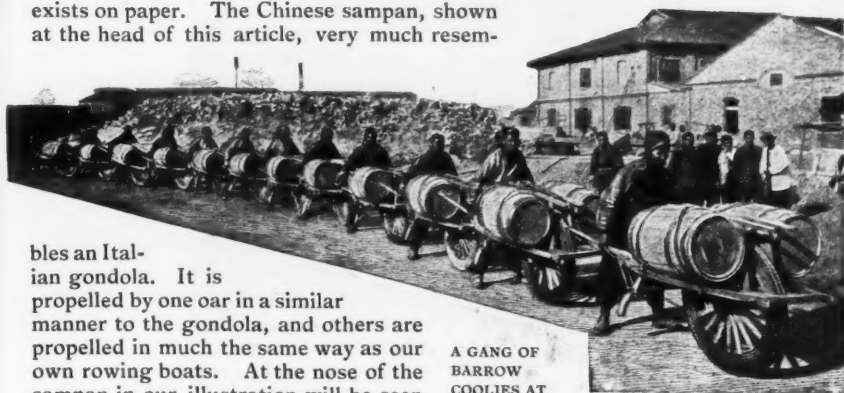


REMOVING—A CHINESE PANTHICON WITH A MIXED TEAM.





exists on paper. The Chinese sampan, shown at the head of this article, very much resem-



A GANG OF  
BARROW  
COOLIES AT  
WORK.

bles an Italian gondola. It is propelled by one oar in a similar manner to the gondola, and others are propelled in much the same way as our own rowing boats. At the nose of the sampan in our illustration will be seen the representation of an eye, without which the Chinese conscientiously believe it to be impossible for a boat to find its way, and the absence of it would result in some horrible catastrophe. "No got hi, no can see," say the Chinese boatmen, and so they always give their sampans two eyes.

On the gunwale of the boat near the

stern is fixed a wooden spike which fits into a hole bored in the oar. To the end of the oar is attached a rope which is made fast to the boat; the boatman works the oar backwards and forwards, giving the blade a motion resembling the movement of a steamer's screw. A sampan man will easily drive his boat four miles an hour.

## ON AUTUMN ROSES.

(TO DORA IN HER GARDEN.)

ROSES, who would not fly  
When summer fled,  
What can they do but die  
Now she is dead?  
Too faithful! summer gone,  
They, they are left alone,  
Their fragrance flown.

Softly the waning day  
Woos them to death,  
Lulls them, too fair to stay,  
With drowsy breath.  
Still in their falling sweet,  
They take their portion meet  
Under thy feet.

*Ethel C. Huntingford.*



MR. A. G. RACEY, CARTOONIST.

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. XVIII.—MR. A. G. RACEY, CARTOONIST.

"Ingenious dreamers, in whose well-told tales Laughter and stern truth alike prevail ;  
Whose humorous vein, strong sense and simple style,  
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile."

JUST what a popular as well as forcible engine the subtle art of modern caricature is now recognized to be by the great journals of this country, is shown in a striking way by the remarkable increase in the number of dailies which are making a special feature of cartooning.



RACEY'S TUPPER.

The history of newspaper caricature in this country dates back a comparatively few years ; indeed, Bengough may be said to have been its first earnest exponent, hence the rapidly increasing public interest in this new Canadian field of journalism is the more noteworthy.

It may be said that the age is practically an age of caricature, as but few civilized countries have not



RACEY'S LAURIER.

A black and white photograph of a man in a suit and hat, holding a small dog, standing in front of a large, ornate doorway. The man is wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, a dark bow tie, and a dark hat. He is holding a small, light-colored dog in his arms. The background features a large, ornate doorway with decorative carvings. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

MR. RACEY AND HIS PETS.

however, whose work not alone pleases the thousands of this country, but which has been attracting attention in England, the United States and even Japan, is that of Mr. A. G. Racey, cartoonist of the "Montreal Star."

**WHITWASHED—THE HONOUR OF THE ARMY DEMANDS IT.**



THIS CARTOON DEPICTS WHAT MAY HAPPEN IF THE U.S. CONTINUES TORTURING NEGROES.

cartoon of the whitewashing, by Jouast, of the army officials in the tragic Dreyfus scandal; and in the cartoon showing the death microbes in their flitting from country districts to the great centres of human industry where health laws are so frequently disregarded.

His cartoons, on the other hand, of the Alliance Wheel, the Anniversary of Majuba Hill; the cartoon of the deputation from savage races en route to the Southern States to convert the whites from their barbarous custom of lynching black men, are good samples of the more airy and humorous bent of Mr. Racey's mind.

As for Mr. Racey's political cartoons, they are known the country over. It is not too much to say that they are looked upon as able factors in deciding elections—

moulding public opinion, as cartoons so frequently do, as to the foibles and merits of contending candidates and factions. As for the spirit in which Mr. Racey's cartoons are conceived and executed, the writer, whose pleasure it has been to be intimately acquainted with Mr. Racey for many years, can testify as to the spirit ever being of the most kindly and tolerant—characteristics, indeed, which dominate in all his work whether political or otherwise.

It is to the credit of Mr. Racey, and, indeed, an honour to the art of this country as well, that his work is frequently being reproduced in high class publications in London, the United States, France and other countries. For instance, his cartoon of the Alliance Wheel was repro-



THE ANNIVERSARY OF MAJUBA HILL.

duced—as a sample of clever Canadian caricaturing—in the “Review of Reviews,” and was even reproduced in Tokio, Japan. The publication in question has also reproduced many other of the artist’s caricatures.

Five years ago he won the competition in the Montreal “Herald” for the most clever cartoon. For a long time he has been a welcome illustrator to the “Chicago American,” THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, “Le Monde Illustré,” “The Metropolitan,” “The Owl,” “Le Canard,” “The Montreal Witness,” “The Montreal Herald,” “The Toronto Star,” “Toronto Saturday Night,” and other publications. When “Grip” was being published Mr. Racey’s work was well known in it. From his hand, too, have come many water colours and paintings of merit. His illumination of the addresses to Lord Aberdeen and the present Governor-General brought forth words of praise.

Born in Quebec, in 1870, Mr. Racey is thirty years of age. He is the son of John Racey, M.D.E., late Governor and Head Surgeon of the Jeffry Hale Hospital, and is a grand-nephew of the late Admiral Sir George Westphall, R.N., and also a grand-nephew of the late General Ford, R.E.

Many years of Mr. Racey’s life were devoted to studying art at the R.C.A. classes, the Montreal Art Gallery, and other art institutes. He is a graduate of St. Francis College. As is so frequently the case with artists, Mr.

Racey’s taste for drawing is innate, and amusing anecdotes are related by his teachers of his troublesome faculty of devoting his time, when in school, to wittily caricaturing those who were striving to teach him.

Much time has been devoted by Mr. Racey to giving illustrated lectures on Canadian art, and especially upon the salient features of the successful depicting of the humorous side of Canadian politics.



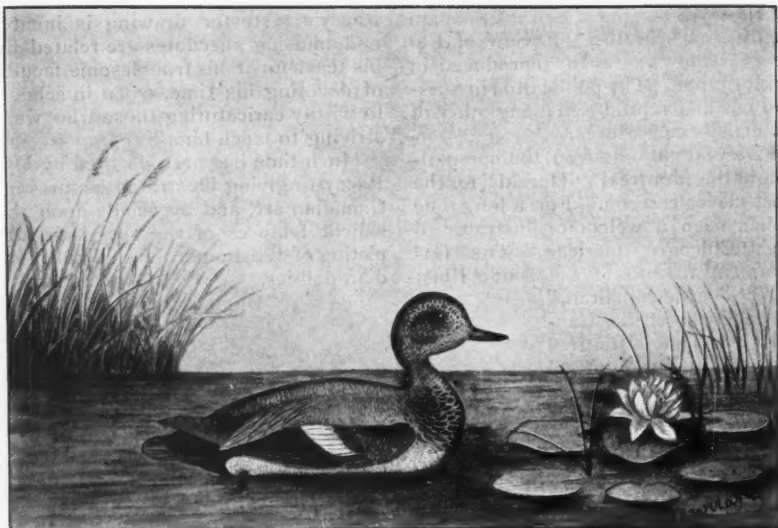
THE ALLIANCE WHEEL—"NOW, JONATHAN, STEADY—BOTH TOGETHER, AND WE'LL CONTROL THE MOVEMENTS OF THIS OLD WHEEL."

An amusing fad of the cartoonist is the gathering around him of such strange pets as turtles, racoons owls, guinea-pigs, monkeys, fowls, and finally cats—the latter always deservedly being wanderers from home on account of the development of traits which had justly caused them to be Pariahs.

Two years ago Mr. Racey was married to Miss Isabel Daley, daughter of the late Mr. John Daley, Dominion Government Immigration Agent.

*F. Clifford Smith.*





MARSH DUCKS—GADWALL.

## WILD FOWL OF ONTARIO.

### SECOND PAPER—MARSH DUCKS AND MARSH-DUCK SHOOTING.

*By C. W. Nash.*

#### GADWALL AND WIDGEON.

THE Gadwall is an extremely rare visitor to this Province, and I have never yet had the good fortune to take one here. In Manitoba it is not common, but it breeds there, and I generally shot some each season in the marshes near Lake Manitoba. In its habits and appearance it resembles the Widgeon, for which, no doubt, it is often mistaken by sportsmen who do not critically examine the birds they kill.

The Widgeon (better known, perhaps, as the Baldpate) is a pretty, trim-built duck, a very fast flier, and one that knows how to take care of itself remarkably well. In windy weather they will sometimes come in readily to decoys, but they are not to be relied on, for if they see anything to arouse their suspicion, they sheer off and give the doubtful object a wide

berth. They are fairly common at most of the shooting points in Ontario in the fall, and very abundant in Manitoba where they regularly breed. Their nests are placed upon the ground (not necessarily near water) and they lay eight or ten eggs of a pale buffy colour.

These ducks feed principally on aquatic plants growing in the deeper ponds of the marsh, or in rivers. I have never yet seen one of them dabbling in the mud or very shallow water for food, as do the other marsh ducks, and they are said to be particularly fond of the roots of the wild celery; to obtain this delicacy (as they cannot dive for it themselves) they wait upon the Redheads and Canvas-backs and steal from these expert divers the plants they gather on the bottom.

Widgeon seldom fly in large flocks, generally not more than the brood of

a season are seen together, and I have but rarely seen them associated with any other ducks.

#### TEAL.

The little Blue-winged Teal are quite well known to every one who ever did any marsh shooting. A few years ago they were certainly the most abundant duck to be found in the marshes of Southern Ontario early in the season, but they are so easily shot at that time and the nesting birds have been so constantly destroyed in the summer, that they are now becoming scarce.

They arrive here almost as soon as the ice goes out and quickly settle down for the season. Like the Mallard, they are not always particular in selecting a nesting site near water, but they are usually careful that it shall be well concealed. I have found nests in this Province in and near marshes, in grain fields and in clover fields sometimes at a considerable distance from water. The eggs are from ten to twelve in number, quite white in colour.

Like other ducks the male retires to moult while the female is sitting, but does not regain his full plumage before leaving in the fall.

About the middle of August the Blue-wings begin to gather into flocks and moving from their breeding places southward they seem to loiter along on their way, resting and feeding in all the large marshes, particularly in those grown up with wild rice. This affords them both food and shelter and amongst its tangled stalks they will remain until the first cold nights remind them of the coming winter and that they must depart.

Unless very much shot at, Blue-wing Teal are unsuspicious birds, coming readily in to decoys and alighting right amongst them. As they then usually swim close together, the man who loves a pot-shot can satisfy his desires.

The American Green-winged Teal has a very wide distribution, ranging right across the continent from the

Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Arctic Ocean south to Central America. In appearance it very closely resembles the common Teal of Europe, the most distinctive feature between the two being the white bar on each side of the breast of the adult male of our bird, which is wanting in the European form. In all other phases of plumage the two species are indistinguishable except by an expert ornithologist.

The European Teal has been taken occasionally on the Atlantic coast of America and in all probability visits us at times as a straggler, but up to now I have no record of its capture here.

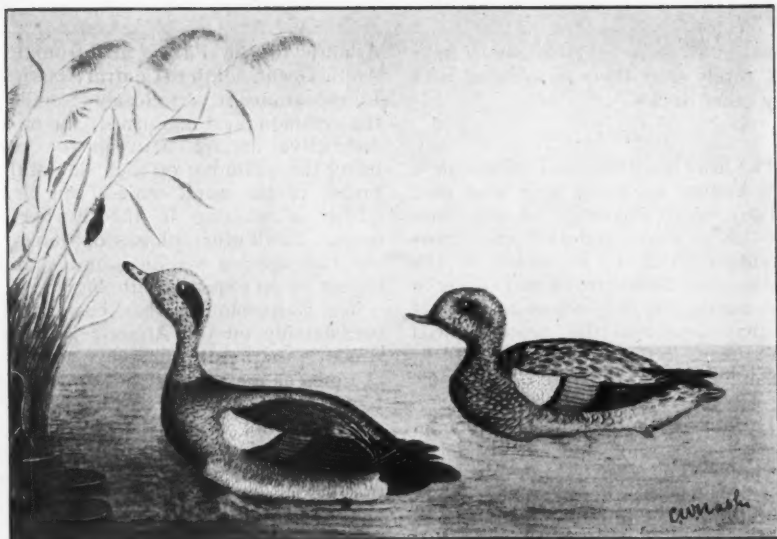
I have not found the Green-wing anywhere in Ontario as common as its relative the Blue-wing. In Manitoba the two species are about equally common, but in British Columbia the Blue-wing is rare and the Green-wing very abundant.

The Green-wing is one of the earliest ducks to move in the spring, often accompanying the Mallard in their flight northward and arriving here just as soon as the ice begins to move out of the marshes. I have never found it breeding in Southern Ontario, but in Manitoba it breeds regularly in all the marshes of the interior, and doubtless does so in the northern part of this Province.

The nest is placed on the ground well concealed amongst rank grass or scrub and is built of dry grass and lined with feathers; in it are deposited from eight to ten white eggs.

So far as I have observed, the Green-wing always nests near water, but I have seen it stated that nests have been found at some distance from it, so that perhaps the birds are not so particular in this respect as I have believed them to be. Or it may be that for some reason best known to themselves they vary their habits to suit the locality they are in and adapt themselves to their environment, as all animals will.

In the autumn these ducks generally appear in the marshes of Southern Ontario about the middle of August, at which time a few broods will arrive from their breeding grounds. From



MARSH DUCKS—WIDGEON

this time the number will be gradually increased by other parties that straggle down to us; the main flight, however, does not reach us until after the first sharp frost has occurred in the North; then they come in large flocks and will stay with us as long as the feeding grounds remain open. They seem to be much hardier birds than the Blue-wings and less sensitive to cold, for at all times during the winter they remain just as far North as they can find open water, in that respect resembling the Mallard, with which they frequently associate.

Unless much shot at, they are very unsuspicious and will readily come in to decoys and are also easily approached within gunshot when on their feeding places, but it takes good shooting to stop them when on the wing, for they fly wonderfully fast and sometimes twist and turn like snipe. At evening flight they are particularly easy to miss, for then they come low and very fast, and the fading light makes it hard to get on to their corkscrew curves.

#### THE SHOVELLER.

The Shoveller or Spoon-bill Duck takes its name from its curiously-

developed beak which appears, at first sight, to be somewhat large for the size of the bird that carries it, but which will prove, upon examination, to be one of the most perfect examples of adaptation for special purposes to be found in nature. The food of this duck is obtained by sifting the mud and ooze in shallow marshes, and nothing better than the arrangement of the interior of this bird's beak, could possibly be devised for the purpose of enabling it to strain off the refuse mud and water and retain the seeds and insects upon which it feeds. The beak of the bird is large and somewhat spoon-shaped, and the upper mandible is furnished on each side with a row of thin elastic plates; they arise from the palate and are attached by a flexible membrane to the sides of the mandible, the middle ones being the longest; inside these, there is another short row. The lower mandible is also furnished on each side with a row of fine plates, the whole arrangement forming a perfect sifter.

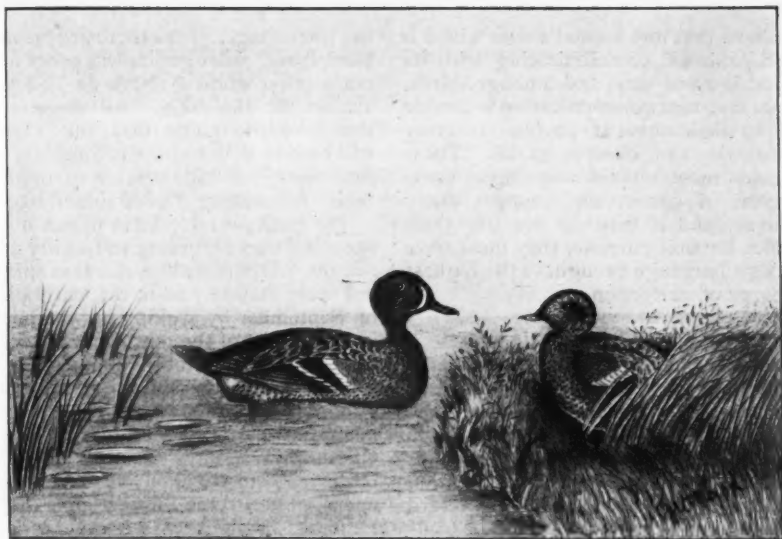
This bird has the widest distribution of any of the ducks, being found in almost every part of the known world except the extreme North. It breeds

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MARSH DUCKS—BLUE-WING TEAL.

in abundance in Manitoba and all through North-west Canada, and regularly, but not so commonly in the Northern States, Ontario and the Eastern Provinces. In 1898 a pair established themselves in the marsh at Toronto and would have raised a brood there, but the female was shot one evening in June, when she came off her nest to feed.

The nests are usually built on dry ground, near some marsh, and are composed of dry grass lined with feathers. The eggs vary in number from eight to twelve, and are greenish-white in colour.

An adult male Shoveller in full plumage is very beautiful, its colouration only being excelled by the Wood drake, and if it were not for the awkward appearance of its somewhat ungainly-looking bill, the Shoveller would rank as one of the handsomest of the duck family.

I think Shovellers are rather unsociable birds, for I have never seen a flock of them. In the early autumn the young birds which composed the brood of the season would be seen flying and feeding together, but never more than that; perhaps in the south,

where they spend their winters, they may congregate in larger numbers, and may show a less exclusive disposition towards other ducks than they do with us. On one or two occasions I have seen single Shovellers flying with Blue-wing Teal, but even in these cases the association may have been accidental so far as the Shoveller was concerned, and at no time have I had one come in to my decoys. They are, however, very gentle, unsuspicious birds, and will permit a person to approach them quite closely when they are feeding or resting on the water.

They fly at about the same speed as the Blue-wing Teal, and when on the wing look much larger than they really are; this is owing to their long, pointed wings and large head and beak; at a little distance they may quite easily be mistaken for Mallard.

These birds are abundant in Manitoba, and for seven years I was quite familiar with them from the time of their arrival in spring until their departure for the South in the fall, yet during all that time I never heard one utter a note, except the call of a mother to her downy ducklings and their baby cheeping in reply. I do not

believe that any animal exists which is incapable of communicating with its kind in some way, and amongst birds, that constant communication is carried on by their notes is obvious to every one who can observe at all. These ducks most undoubtedly have some means of conversing amongst themselves, and if they do not use their voice for that purpose, they must have a sign language brought to the highest degree of perfection.

#### MARSH-DUCK SHOOTING.

All my life I have been fond of marsh shooting, partly because I like marsh scenery, but chiefly because of the great variety of animal life that exists there and the opportunity one finds for observing it. The rank vegetation swarms with insects, and these afford food for some of our best game birds and wild fowl, as well as many of our smaller, but not less interesting species of birds.

It has been well said that "it is not all of fishing to catch fish," and certainly the killing of game affords but a small part of the enjoyment of shooting. Many a shot at ducks has been lost because the sportsman's attention was for the moment concentrated on the efforts of some heron or bittern to stalk a fish, or upon some other of the many interesting episodes of animal life that are so frequently enacted before the eyes of a man sitting quietly in a blind. It is astonishing how often it happens that just whilst you are absorbed in watching some interesting little incident of this sort, and are not looking for ducks, that the best chance of the day offers itself and has gone before you can "pull yourself together." However, these things all go to make up the enjoyment of the day, and it is better to have the memory of something seen than the body of something killed.

There are frequenting the waters of Ontario twenty-eight species of ducks; this, of course, includes all kinds, both marsh and deep water. All of them at times visit the pond holes in the marshes, and are liable to find their way into

the game bag. Then there are plover, sandpipers, rails, gallinules, coots and many other waders, more or less desirable for the table. All these and that favourite game bird the snipe, will be met with in marsh shooting, so that there is usually no lack of opportunity for making a good mixed bag.

The methods adopted in marsh duck shooting vary according to locality and season. In some shallow marshes splendid sport may be had in the early part of September by waking up the birds in the middle of the day, when they are resting. In Manitoba this method is particularly successful, and many a good bag of Mallard and Teal I have made in that Province in this way. On the warm days of early fall the birds rest quietly about the edges of open spots in the rushes and upon old musk-rat houses, and would rather hide than fly. When disturbed by a dog they get up lazily, and afford the easiest sort of shooting; this does not last long, however. As the nights get cold, the grass withers down, and the young birds get stronger on the wing and become less approachable, they then trust more to flight than hiding for safety, and keep out in open places where they can see all around them. Careful stalking is then required to get near them.

In some places in this Province fair bags of Black Duck, Teal and Wood Duck may sometimes be obtained by carefully paddling through the channels that wind about in the wild rice beds. To be successful a man must be able to handle a canoe properly and must, above all things, avoid striking his paddle against the side of the boat. Whether it is inherited experience or not, I don't know, but certain it is that ducks have learnt to be more suspicious of the noise made in that way than of almost any other sound whatever. A good deal of practice is necessary to enable a man to shoot well and paddle himself; there are a lot of little dodges to learn, and each marsh presents its own particular difficulties to be overcome, besides the trouble there is in mastering the knack of dropping your



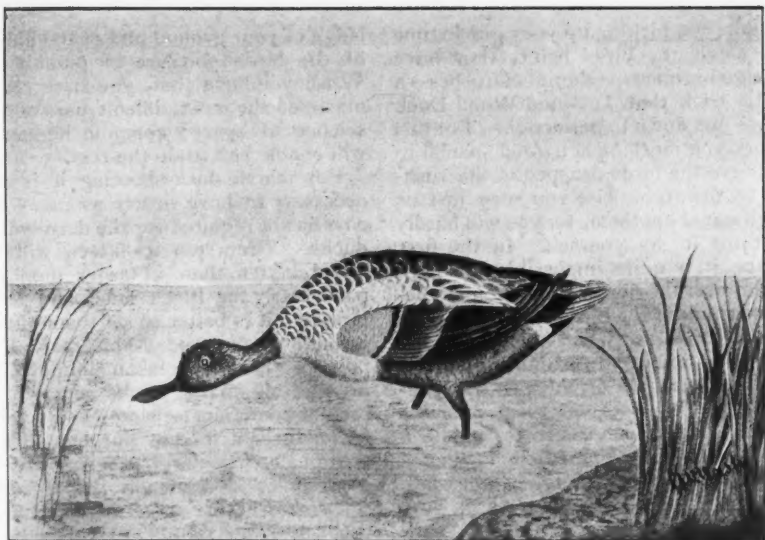
paddle and picking up your gun in time to catch the birds before they have dodged around a clump of rushes—a little trick that Teal and Wood Duck have got down to perfection. For this work you must have a good spaniel to retrieve the birds dropped in the rushes or rice, otherwise you may just as well not shoot them, for you will hardly get one in six yourself. In the first place, it is quite impossible to mark them over the high rice, as you sit below it, and if the bird is not quite dead it will crawl away and hide so that no man can find it. In paddling on ducks either in a marsh or on open water always come down on them with the wind. It is much easier to handle a boat going with the breeze than against it, and as all ducks rise against the wind, their first jump will be towards you, and then, as they swing around, you are apt to be within fair distance of them. If a strong breeze is blowing, by piling some rushes in the bow of a boat you can often drift upon ducks with scarcely a stroke of the paddle; this method is often successful with uneducated deep-water ducks when they first come from the North, but late in the season they suspect everything, and paddling up to them is almost impossible, no matter how careful you are.

In Ontario more ducks are shot over decoys than in any other way. The whole art of this method consists in putting out your decoys in such a natural manner that the birds shall be deceived into believing that the wooden counterfeits they see are some of their relatives or connections, feeding or resting in perfect security, and then building a blind or hiding-place behind which a gunner can conceal himself from the birds that are attracted by the decoys. In this short article I cannot go over all the little points that are required to be understood before a man can be considered an expert at setting out decoys. But there are some few general rules that it is well to know, because they apply to almost all marshes alike. Of course, the most important thing in decoy shooting, as in all other shooting, is a good know-

ledge of your ground and of the habits of the birds you are in pursuit of. When you have that, you have really mastered the most difficult part of the science of sport; common ingenuity will enable you to do the rest.

For marsh duck-shooting it is not necessary to have nearly as many decoys as are required for the deep-water ducks. From ten to fifteen will be found better than a larger number, particularly for Black Duck and Mallard, and it is better to set them out in a shallow bay or pond-hole than off a point. For some reason unknown to me, the big marsh ducks seem to be prejudiced against points, and rarely frequent them for any purpose. Teal are not so particular, but even for them pond holes or channels through the rushes are best. In setting out your decoys the direction of the wind should be taken into consideration, as it is of the greatest importance. Opinions differ, however, in regard to this, probably because men differ as to the shots they like best. I prefer to set so that the wind blows straight from me to my decoys. If I cannot get that position, then I select one where the wind blows across me from left to right, because I like crossing shots at birds passing from right to left, and I know that I am very likely to miss them if they go the other way. All ducks come in to alight against the wind, and generally attempt to drop in at the tail-end of your decoys; if you fire your first barrel just as they are about to drop, or while they are on the water, they will get up and fly for a few yards straight against the wind. This gives an opportunity for using the second barrel with good effect, either as they come in to me or pass me.

In making a blind, keep it as small as possible, building it with material similar to its surroundings. In a marsh it is seldom necessary to build a blind at all; there are nearly always plenty of clumps of rushes or tall weeds that can be utilized as a hide. If you find a suitable one, keep the front of it as much unbroken as possible, so that it always presents a na-



MARSH DUCKS—SHOVELLER.

tural appearance to birds coming in ; this is easily done by entering always from the side or rear.

To my mind the most exciting method of duck-shooting is that obtained at evening flight. This requires good and quick shooting, but there is an enormous amount of satisfaction in stopping a pair of Black Ducks or Teal right and left as they come whizzing

past you in the fading light. You just see something ; but long practice has taught you what it is and what to do ; instinctively almost, the gun comes up and the two barrels speak out. If these are followed by two thuds on the grass, the sensation of complete content that steals over you is greater than that to be experienced in any other sport.

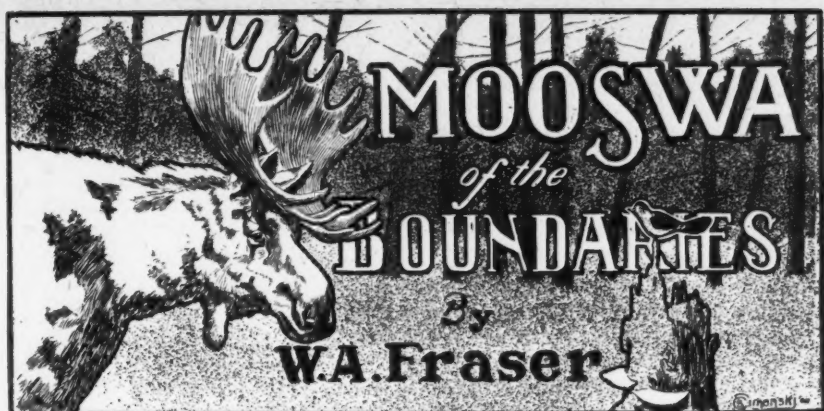
THE END.

#### THE ANGELUS.

THE setting sun from out the fiery West  
Flings golden rays across the furrowed soil,  
Where busy peasants ply their daily toil,  
Lightening their work the while with rustic jest.  
Now Nature, erst with noontide heat oppressed  
Drinks the cool breezes, and the day's turmoil  
Sinks 'neath night silences, that coil on coil  
Enfold the universe in tranquil rest.

When suddenly a far-off silvery chime,  
Ringing the Angelus, is borne abroad ;  
The clarion bells fill all the quiet air,  
Bearing the burthen of a thought sublime ;  
The peasants turn their souls from earth to God,  
Cease from their tasks and bow their heads in prayer.

*William Wilkie Edgar.*



## CHAPTER III.—THE TRIAL OF PISEW.

THREE days later, as had been spoken in the Council, Black King, accompanied by three Fox brothers, and his mother, the Red Widow, crept cautiously into the open space that was fringed by a tangle of red and gray willows, inside of which grew a second frieze of raspberry bushes. There he sat on his haunches and peered discontentedly, furtively about. There was nobody, nothing in sight—nothing but the Hudson's Bay Company's dilapidated old log shack, that had been a trading post, and against which Time had leaned so heavily that the rotted logs were sent sprawling in a disconsolate heap.

"This does not look overmuch like our Council Court, does it, dame?" he asked of the Red Widow. "I, the King, am first to arrive—ah, here is Rof!" as Blue Wolf slouched into the open, his froth-lined jaws swinging low in suspicious watchfulness.

"I'm late," he growled, sniffing at each bush and stump as he made the circuit of the Court. "What! only Your Majesty and the Red Widow here as yet! It's bad form for our comrades to keep the King waiting."

While Blue Wolf was still speaking the willows were thrust open as though a tree had crashed through them, and Mooswa's massive head protruded, just for all the world as if hanging from a

wall in the hall of some great house. His Chinese-shaped eyes blinked at the light.

"May I be knock-kneed!" he wheezed plaintively, "if it didn't take me longer to do those thirty miles this morning than I thought it would. The going was so soft. I should have been here on time, though, if I hadn't struck just the loveliest patch of my favourite weed at Little Rapids—where the fire swept last year, you know."

"That's what the men call fireweed," cried Carcajou, pushing his strong body through the fringe of berry bushes.

"That's because they don't know," retorted Mooswa; "and because it always grows in good soil after the fire has passed, I suppose."

"Where does the seed come from, Mooswa?" asked Lynx, who had come up while they were talking. "Does the fire bring it?"

"I don't know," answered the Bull Moose. "The Indians say it comes from the Happy Hunting Grounds—it is good and I am content."

"It is not written in the Man's books, either," affirmed Carcajou.

"Can the King, who is so wise, tell us?" pleaded Fisher, who had arrived.

"Manitou sends it!" Black Fox asserted decisively.

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"The King answers worthily," declared Wolverine. "If Mooswa can stand in the fire-flower until it tops his back, and eat of the juice-filled stalk, without straining his short neck, until his belly is like the gorge of a Sturgeon, what matters how it has come? Let the Men, who are silly creatures, bother over that. Manitou has sent it, and it is good; that is enough for Mooswa."

"You are late, Nekik," said the King severely; "and you, too, Sakwasew."

"I am lame," pleaded Otter.

"My ear is bleeding," said Mink.

"Who got the fish?" queried Carcajou.

They both tried to look very innocent.

"What fish?" asked Black Fox.

"My fish!" replied Mink.

"Mine!" exclaimed Otter in the same breath.

Wolverine winked solemnly at the Red Widow.

"Yap! that won't do—been fighting!" came from the King.

"It was a Doré, Your Majesty," pleaded Sakwasew, "and I caught him first."

"Just as I dove for him," declared Otter, "Sakwasew followed after and tried to take him from me—a great big fish, too, it was. I've been fishing for four years, but this was the biggest Doré I ever saw—why, he was the length of Pisew."

"A fisherman's lie," quoth the Red Widow.

"Who got the fish? That's the main question," demanded Carcajou.

"He escaped," replied Nekik, sorrowfully; "and we have come to the meeting without any breakfast."

"Bah! bah! bah!" laughed Blue Wolf; "that's rich! Hey, Muskwa, you heard the end of the story—isn't it good?"

"I, too, have had no breakfast," declared Muskwa, "so I don't see the point—it's not a bit funny. Seven hard-baked ant hills have I torn up in the grass-flat down by the river, and not a single dweller in one of them. My paws ache, for the clay was hard,

and the dust has choked up my lungs. Wuf-f-f! I could hardly get my breath coming up the hill, and I have more mortar in my lungs than ants in my stomach."

"Are there no berries to be had, then, Muskwa?" asked Wapistan.

"Oh, yes; there are berries hereabouts, but they're all hard and bitter. The white dogberries, and the pink buffalo-berries, and the wolf-willow berries—what are they? Perhaps not to be despised in this year of famine, for they pucker up one's stomach until a cub's ration fills it; but the saskatoons are now dry on the bush and I miss them sorely. Gluck! they're the berries—full of oil, not vinegar; a feed of them is like eating a little Sucking Pig."

"What's a Sucking Pig?" queried Lynx. "I never saw one growing."

"I know," declared Carcajou. "The Priest over at Wapiscaw had six little white fellows in a small corral. They had voices like Pallas, the Black Eagle. I could always tell when they were being fed; their wondrous song reached a good three miles."

"That's where I got mine," remarked Muskwa, looking cautiously about to see that there were no eavesdroppers; "I had three, and the Priest keeps three."

"Weren't they hairy little beggars, Muskwa?" asked Blue Wolf, harking back longingly to the meat food.

"Yes, somewhat; I had bristles in my teeth for a week—awfully coarse fur they wore. They were noisy little rats—the screeching gave me an ear-ache."

"Huf! huf! huf! You should have seen the Factor, who is a fat, pot-bellied little chap, built like Carcajou, come running with his short Otter legs when he heard me."

"What did you do, Muskwa—weren't you afraid?" asked the Red Widow.

"I threw a little Pig out of the corral, and he took to the forest. The Factor in his excitement ran after him, and I laughed so much to see him that I really couldn't eat the fourth Pig."



"But you did well," cried Black King; "there's nothing like a good laugh at meal time to aid digestion."

"I thought they would eat like that, Muskwa," continued Blue Wolf. "You remember the thick, white-furred animals they once brought to the Mission at Lac La Biche?"

"Sheep," interposed Mooswa. "I remember them; stupid creatures they were—always frightened by something; and always bunching up together like the Plain Buffalo, so that a killer had more slaying than running to do amongst them."

"That was the worst of it," declared Blue Wolf. "My pack acted as foolishly as Man did with the Buffalo—we killed them all off in a single season, for that very reason. The queer fur they had got into my teeth, and made me fairly furious. Where one Sheep would have sufficed for my supper I killed three—though I'm generally of an even temper. The Priest did much good in this country—"

"Bringing in the Sheep, eh?" interrupted Carcajou.

"Perhaps, perhaps; each one according as his interests are affected."

"The Priests are a benefit," asserted Marten. "The Father at Little Slave Lake had a corral full of the loveliest tame Grouse—Chickens they called them. They were like the Sheep, silly enough to please the laziest hunter."

"Did you join the Mission, brother?" asked Carcajou, licking his chops hungrily.

"For three nights," answered Wapistan; "then I left it carrying a scar on my hip from the snap of a white, bob-tailed Dog they called a Fox-Terrier. A busy, meddlesome little cur, lacking the composure of a dweller in the Boundaries. I became disgusted at its clatter and cleared out."

"A Fox—what?" asked the Red Widow. "He was not of our tribe to interfere with a comrade's kill."

"It must have been great hunting," interrupted Black King, his mouth watering at the idea of a corral full of Chickens.

"It was!" asserted Wapistan. "All

in a row they sat, shoulder to shoulder—it was night, you know. They simply blinked at me with their glassy eyes, and exclaimed, 'Peek! peek!' until I cut their throats. Yes, the Mission is a good thing."

"It is," concurred Black King; "they should establish more of them. But where in the world is Chatterbox, the Jay?"

"Gabbler, the Fool, must have trailed in with a party of Men going down the river," suggested Carcajou. "Nothing but eating would keep him away from a party of talkers."

"Well, comrades," said Black King, "shall the Boundaries be the same as last year? Are there any changes?"

"I roam everywhere—is not that so, King?" asked Muskwa.

"Yes; but not to eat everywhere. There is truce for the young Beaver, because workmen are not free to the kill."

"I have not eaten of Trowel-Tail's children," declared Muskwa proudly. "I have kept the Law of the Boundaries."

"And yet he has lost two sons," said Black Fox, looking sternly about.

A tear trickled down the sandy beard of Beaver and glistened on his black nose.

"Two sturdy sons, Your Majesty, a year old. Next year, or the year after, they would have gone out and builded lodges of their own. Such plasterers I never saw in my life. Why, their work was as smooth as the inner bark of the poplar, and no two Beavers on the whole length of the Pelican River could cut down a tree with them."

"Oh, never mind their virtues, Trowel-Tail," interrupted Carcajou heartlessly; "they are dead—that is the main thing; and who killed them, the question. Who broke the Boundary Law is what we want to know."

"Whisky-Jack should be here during the inquiry," grumbled the King. "He's our detective—Jack sees everything, tells everything, and finds out everything. Shouldn't wonder if he knew—strange that he's not with us."

"Must have struck some friends,



Your Majesty," said the Bull Moose. "As I drank at the river, twenty miles up, one of those floating houses the Traders use passed with two Men in it. The smell of hot meat came to me, and if Jack were within five miles of the river he also would know of the food."

"Very likely, Mooswa," rejoined Black King. "A cooked pork rind would coax Jay from his duty any time. We must go on with the inquiry without him. Who broke the Law of the Boundaries and killed Umisk's two sons?" he demanded sternly.

"I didn't," wheezed Mooswa, rubbing his big, soft nose caressingly down Beaver's back, as the latter sat on one of the old stumps. "I have kept the law. Like Muskwa, I roam from lake to lake, and from river to river; but I kill no one—that is, with one exception."

"That was within the law," asserted the King, "for we kill in our own defence."

"I think it was Pisew," whispered the Red Widow. "See the sneak's eye. Call him up, oh son, and command him to say if he has kept the law."

"Pisew," ordered Black Fox, "come closer!"

Lynx started guiltily at the call of his name. There was something soft and unpleasant in the slipping sound of his big muffled feet as he walked up to the King.

"Has Pisew kept the Law of the Boundaries?" asked Black King sternly, looking full in the moustached face of the slim-bodied cat.

Lynx turned his head sideways, and his eyes sought to avoid those of the questioner.

"Your Majesty, I roam from the Pelican on one side to Fish Creek on the other, and the law is that therein I, who eat flesh, may kill Wapooos, the Rabbit. This year it has been hard living, Your Majesty—hard living. Because of the fire, Wapooos fled beyond the waters of the creeks, and I have eaten of the things that could not fly the Boundaries—Mice and Frogs

and Slugs; a diet that is horrible to think of. Look, Your Majesty, at my gaunt sides—am I not like one that is already skinned by the Trappers?"

"He is making much talk," whispered the Red Widow, "to the end that you forget the murder of Trowel-Tail's sons."

"Didn't you like Beaver meat?" queried Black King.

"I am not the slayer of Umisk's children," affirmed Lynx. "It was Wapooos, or Whisky-Jack; they are mischief-makers, and ready for any evil."

"Oh, you silly liar!" cried Carcajou, in derision. "Wapooos, the Rabbit, kill a Beaver? Why not say the Moon came down and ate them up? Thou hast a sharp nose and a full appetite, but little brain."

"He is a poor liar!" remarked the Red Widow.

"I have kept the law," whined Lynx. "I have eaten so little that I am starved."

"What shall we do, brothers, about the murdered sons of Umisk? Beaver is the worker of our lands. Only for him, and the dams he builds, the muskies would soon dry up, the fires would burn the forests, and we should have no place to live. If we kill the sons, presently there will be no workers—nobody but ourselves who are killers." Black Fox thus put the case wisely to the others.

"Gr-a-a-h-wuh! Let me speak!" cried Blue Wolf. "Pisew has done this thing! If any in my pack make a kill and I come to speak of it, do I not know from their eyes, that grow tired, which it is?"

Said the Lieutenant, Carcajou: "I think you are right, Rof; but you can't hang a comrade because he has weak eyes. No one has seen Pisew make the kill. We must have a new law, Your Majesty. That if again Kit-Beaver, or Cub-Fox, or Babe-Wapooos, or Young-Anyone is slain for eating, we shall all, sitting in Council, decide who is to pay the penalty. I think that will stop this murderous poaching."

"It will," whispered the Red Widow. "Lynx will never touch one of them again. He knows what Carcajou means."

"That is a new law, then," cried the King. "If any of Umisk's children are killed by one of us, we shall decide, sitting in Council, who is to be executed for the crime."

"Please, Your Majesty," squeaked Rabbit, "I keep the Boundary Law but others do not. From Beaver's dam to the Pelican, straighter than a Man's trail, are my three runways. My cousin's family has three more; and in the muskeg our streets run clear to view. Beyond our runways we do not go. Nor do we build houses in violation of the law—only roads are we allowed, and these we have made. In the muskeg parks, the nice open places Beaver has formed by damming back the waters, we labour. When the young spruce are growing, and would choke up the park, we strip the bark off and they die, and the open is still with us. Neither do we kill any animal, nor make trouble for them—keeping well within the law. Are we not ourselves food for all the Animal Kingdom? Lynx lives off us, and Marten lives off us, and Fox lives off us, and Wolf, and Bear sometimes. I, nor my tribe, do not complain, because that law is older than the laws we make ourselves. But have we not certain rights which are known to the Council? For one hour in the morning and one hour in the evening, just when the sun and the stars change their season of toil, are we not to be free from the hunting?"

"Yes, it is written," replied the Black King, "that no one shall kill Wapoos at the hour of dusk and the hour of dawn. Has any one done so?"

"If they have it's a shame!" cried Carcajou. "I do not eat Wapoos; but if everything else fails—if the Fish fail, if there are no berries, if the nuts and the seeds are dried in the heart before they ripen, we still have Wapoos to carry us over. The Indians know this—it is of their history; and many a

time has Wapoos, the Rabbit, our Little Brother, saved them from starvation."

"Who has slain Wapoos at the forbidden hour?" thundered Black King.

Again there was denial all around the circle, and again everybody felt convinced that Lynx was the breaker of the law. Said Black Fox: "It is well, because of the new ruling we have passed, I think. If again Wapoos is killed or hunted at the forbidden hours we shall decide in Council who must die."

"Also, O King," still pleaded Rabbit, "for all time have we claimed another protection. You know our way of life. For seven years we go on peopling the streets of our muskeg cities, growing more plentiful all the time, until there is a great population. Then comes the sickness on the seventh year, and we die off like flies."

"It has been so for sixty years," assented Mooswa. "My father, who is sixty, knows of this thing."

"For a hundred times sixty, brother," quoth Carcajou. "It is so told in the legends of the Indians."

"It is a queer sickness," continued Wapoos. "The lumps come in our throats, and under our arms, and it kills. Your Majesty knows the law of the Seventh Season."

"Yes; it is that no one shall eat Wapoos that year or next."

"Most wise ruling," concurred Carcajou. "The Rabbits with the lumps in their necks are poisonous. Besides, when there are so few of them, if they were eaten the food supply of the Boundaries would be forever gone. A most wise rule."

"Has any one violated this protection right?" asked the Black King, glancing around the circle of his subjects.

"Yes, Your Majesty. This is the Seventh Year, is it not?" said Rabbit.

"Bless me! so it is" exclaimed Mooswa thoughtfully. "I, who do not eat Rabbits, have paid no attention to the calendar. I wondered what made the woods so silent and dreary; that's just it. No fluffy little Wapooses dart-

ing across one's path. Why, now I remember, last year, the Year of the Plenty, when I lay down for a rest they'd be all about me. Actually sat upon my side many a time."

"Yes, it's the Seventh Year," whined Lynx; "look how thin I am. Perhaps miles and miles of river bank, and not even a Frog to be had."

"Alas! it's the Plague-year," declared Wapoos, "and my whole family were stricken with the sickness. They died off one—by—one—" Here he stopped, and covered his big, sympathetic eyes with soft fluffy hands. His tender heart choked.

Mooswa sniffed through his big nose, and browsed absent-mindedly off the gray willows. My! but they were bitter—he never ate them at any time; but one must do something when a father is talking about his dead children.

"Did they all die, Wapoos?" asked Otter; and in his black snake-like eyes there actually glistened a tear of sympathy.

"Yes; and our whole city was almost depopulated."

"Dreadful!" cried Carcajou.

"The nearest neighbour left me was a widow on the third main runway—two cross-paths from my lane. All her family died off, even the husband. We were a great help to each other in the way of consolation, and became fast friends. Yesterday morning when I called to talk over our affliction, there was nothing left of her but a beautiful soft, fluffy tail."

"Horrible! Oh, the wretch!" screamed Black Fox's mother. "To treat a widow that way—to eat her!"

"If I knew who did it," growled Muskwa savagely, "I would break his neck with one stroke of my fist. Poor little Wapoos! come over here. Eat these black currants that I've just picked—I don't want them."

"That is a most criminal breach of the law," said the King with emphasis. "If Wapoos can prove who did it, we'll give the culprit quick justice."

Flif-fluf, flif-fluf! came the sound of wings at this juncture, and with an er-

ratic swoop Whisky-Jack shot into the circle. He was trembling with excitement—something of tremendous importance had occurred; every blue-gray feather of his coat vibrated with it. He strutted about to catch his breath, and his walk was the walk of one who feels his superiority. Then swishing up on the big platter-like leaf that was the first spread of Mooswa's crown, he snapped his beak to clear his throat, coughed, and began:

"Comrades, who do you suppose has come within our Boundaries?"

"Tell us, tell us!" cried Carcajou. One would think Wie-sah-ke-chack had come back from his Spirit Home where the Northern Lights grow, judging from your manner."

"François has come!" declared the Jay in a dramatic voice.

The silence of consternation settled over the group.

"François and the Boy?" added Jack.

"What's a Boy?" asked Lynx.

"I know," asserted Mooswa. "When I was a calf in the Company's corral at Fort Resolution, I played with a Boy, the Factor's Man-cub. Great Horns! he was nice. Many a time he gave me to eat the queer grass things that grew in the Factor's garden."

"Where is François?" queried the King.

"At Red Stone Brook—he and the Boy. I had breakfast with them."

"Renegade!" sneered Carcajou.

"And François says they will stay here all winter and kill fur. There are three big bear traps in the outfit; I saw them, Muskwa; what think you? Great steel jaws to them, with hungry teeth. They will crack the leg of a Moose, even a Buffalo, and there are number four traps for Umisk, the Beaver, and Nekik, the Otter; and smaller ones for you, Mister Marten—many of them. Oh, my! but it's nice to have an eight-dollar coat! All the thief-trappers in the land covet it. And François has an iron stick, and the Boy has an iron stick, and there will be great sport here all winter. That's what François said, and I think it is

true—not that a Half-breed sticks to the truth over-close.”

The hunt fear settled over the gathering. No one had heart even to check the spiteful jibes of the feathered clerk. The Law of the Boundaries and the suspicious evidence of its violation that pointed to Lynx were forgotten—which was, perhaps, a good thing for the tuft-eared cat.

Black King was the first to break the fear-silence.

“Subjects, draw close, for already it has come to us that we have need of all our wisdom, and all our loyalty one to another, and the full strength of our laws.”

Silently they bunched up; then he proceeded: “Now must we take an oath one to help the other, if we prefer not to have our coats nailed on the wall of the Huntsman’s shack. Now take we the oath?” he asked, looking from one to the other.

A murmur of eager assent started with the deep bass of Blue Wolf and died away in the plaintive treble of Wapoos.

“Then listen and repeat with me,” he commanded.

“We, Dwellers within the Boundaries, swear by the Spirit of Wie-sah-ke-chack, who is God of the Indians and all Animals, that, come trap, come iron stick, come white-powdered bait, come snare, come arrow, come whatsoe’er may, we will help each other, and warn each other, and keep ward for each other; in the star-time and the sun-time; in the flower-time and the snow-time. That the call of one for help shall be the call of all; and the fight of one shall be the fight of all; and the enemy of one shall be the enemy of all.

“By the mark that is on the tail of each of us, we swear this. By the white tip that is on the tail of Fox, and all others according to their tailmark, we swear it.”

All repeated it slowly and solemnly.

“Now,” said Black King, “François will have his work cut out, for we are many against one. For five years he has followed me for my black coat

—for five winters I have eluded his traps and his baits and the cough of his iron stick. But one never knows when the evil day is to come. Last winter François trapped on the Hay River. I was there. It is, as you know, a great place for black currants —”

“Do you eat the bitter, sour berries, Your Majesty?” queried Marten.

“No, Silly; except for the flavour of them that is in the flesh of Gay Cock, the Pheasant. But it is in every child’s book of the Fox tribe, that where berries are thick, the birds are many.”

“I should like to see François,” exclaimed Nekik, the Otter.

“And the Boy,” suggested Mooswa. “It’s years since I saw a Man-cub.”

“W-h-e-u-f!” ejaculated Muskwa. “I saw a man once, Nichemous. Did I tell you about——”

“Save me from Owls!” interrupted Whisky-Jack; “that’s your stock story, old Squeaky-nose. I’ve heard it fifty times in the last two years.”

The Bear stood rocking his big body back and forth, while the saucy bird chattered.

“But I should like to see more of Man,” he continued when Jay had finished. “Tell me, Jack, do they always walk on their hind legs, or only when they are going to kill or fight—as I do? I think we must be cousins,” he went on meditatively.

“You ought to be ashamed of it, then,” snapped Whisky-Jack.

“They leave a trail just like mine,” proceeded Muskwa, paying no attention to Jay. “I once saw a Man’s track on the mud bank of the river; I could have sworn it was one of my family had passed—a long foot-print with a heel.”

“Perhaps it was your own track—you are so terribly stupid at times,” suggested Jack.

“You might have made that mistake,” retorted Muskwa, “for you can’t scent; but when I investigated with my nose I knew that it was Man. There was the same horrible smell



that came to me once as two of these creatures passed down the river in a canoe whilst I was eating berries by the water's edge. But you spend most of your time begging a living from these Men, Jack—tell me if they generally walk as I do, on all fours?"

"Long ago they did, Muskwa; when their brains were small, like yours. Then they developed, and got more sense, and learned to balance themselves on their hind legs."

"What's the use of having four legs and only using two?" grunted Bear with a dissatisfied air.

"You'll find out, my fat friend, if you come within range of the iron stick—what did Nichemous try to do? After that you won't ask silly questions, for François will take your skin, dry it in the sun, and put your

brainless head on a tree as a medicine offering to the Hunt Spirit; and he'll take your big carcass home, and the Boy will help him eat it. Don't bother me about Man—if you want to know his ways, come and see for yourself."

"I'd like to, Clerk," said Bear.

"They're going to build a house," asserted Whisky-Jack.

"A lodge!" exclaimed Beaver.

"Oh, I must see that!"

"What say you, Black King?" queried Carcajou. "May we all go to-morrow? Think you it's safe?"

"Better now than when the traps are set and the fire stick loaded."

So they arranged to go at dawn the next day, and watch from the bush François and Roderick. Then the meeting broke up.

*To be Continued.*

## ON A MOOSE-RUN.

*By W. R. Wadsworth.*

"So for once the lakeside vigil where the bull-moose leads the cow."—*Kipling.*

AS we finished that heart-breaking portage and found ourselves once more on the waters of the Namabin River, and therefore on familiar ground, Dick and I indulged in many mental self-congratulations, which took outward form as sighs of relief. The two hundred miles that we had paddled "cross country" through probably the roughest and wildest part of Nipissing District in Northern Ontario, had cost us many an hour of hard work and keen anxiety. By sheer good luck we had succeeded in following the sinuosities of an untravelled hunters' canoe-route, with the doubtful aid of a bewilderingly inaccurate sketch-map. Euphemistically I sum up in the word "inaccurate" a total disregard for distance and direction. But let bygones be bygones; with true Christian spirit

I hereby retract all the maledictions that I hurled, as frequent occasion offered, upon the Indian whose inventive genius (and perhaps homicidal tendencies) had evolved that geographical prevarication.

From the day when we started from the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Fort Matachewan, traces of moose had been plentiful, but in our anxiety as to our whereabouts we were almost indifferent to them. Though we saw four moose (including a cow and her calf), we did not disturb them, having no way of disposing of the meat. One was a fine bull, which we surprised in rounding a wooded point. That moose had good nerves. He stood for a moment at the water's edge inspecting us, and then withdrew with an air of non-chalance and absence of hurry that expressed contempt in unmistakable terms—evidently thinking we had not



a rifle. Nor did we disabuse him. However, on reaching the Namabin we felt that our troubles were over, and we determined to camp at the mouth of the river for a shot at the lord of the deer-tribe. It would then be barely fifty miles, a day's journey, to the Hudson's Bay Company's post on Lake Temagami, where there is a small Indian village. We therefore felt that we need have no fear of wasting the meat, as the opportunity of getting a supply of "smoked" moose-flesh without having to work for it, is always welcome in the eyes of the unsophisticated red man.

We camped in due course at the mouth of the river, and near a small lake, which my companion had discovered the previous year, while looking for partridge. This we now appropriated as our hunting-preserve. It was little more than a pond—perhaps a mile in length, and a couple of hundred yards wide. The virgin forest that fenced it in was intersected everywhere by moose-paths and deer-runs leading to the water. The lake had fallen, leaving a broad belt of soft mud pitted with countless cattle-like hoof-marks, while around its whole circumference ran a beaten path a foot deep. Nor was it difficult to account for the visits of these many animals, for the surface of the water was covered with the leaves of the water lily—and lily-root is a name to conjure with in Moosedom. Just behind the lake on a small hill we came upon traces of a "moose-yard" of the previous winter, as evidenced by the torn branches and broken bark of the surrounding trees. The very spot from the point of view of the sportsman!

The morning after our arrival, as the stars began to fade, we stole from camp to thread our way through the underbrush to this favoured hunting-ground. Beneath that confusion of interlaced boughs the darkness was almost impenetrable, and we kept stumbling over fallen trees and tripping over an infinity of unseen bushes. We had just reached the lake when unluckily I stepped upon a dry twig.

It snapped with a report that broke the silence like a rifle-shot; there was a splash in front of us, and we heard a heavy body lumbering through the shallow water along the shore. Dick rushed out and involuntarily took a flying shot at a large dark object just gaining cover, but evidently missed, for the uncertain light made it impossible to aim. In our disappointment we stood silent for a moment, and then began to hurl mutual recriminations at each other; my companion insisting that my "clumsiness had spoilt the chance of a lifetime," while I meekly retorted that after his shot, which was still echoing among the hills, we had better return to camp. Before we did so, however, we examined in the growing light the tracks of our quondam friend, and—ah, 'twas ever thus—concluded that he was the patriarch of the forest. This conclusion led to a further and even more vehement exchange of compliments.

Experience taught its own lesson, and the midnight following saw us safely ensconced on the shore of the lake prepared for a vigil.

That interminable night! Would dawn never break? The irksomeness of that enforced quiet, that constrained immobility, was becoming intolerable, intensified, as it was, by the chill dampness that penetrated clothing and flesh to the very marrow. Hour after hour crawling slowly and tediously by, had still found us lying, stiff and cramped, hidden in the underbrush beside the little lake. A passing shower had soaked us through and through, and had left tree, bush, fern and blade of grass covered with huge sweat-like drops. However, the Pirate of the Forest, the dread mosquito, no longer issued forth from his marshy fastnesses to levy toll upon the luckless wayfarer, and our cup of discomfort was therefore not quite full. I could hear Dick's teeth rattling like castanets, but even the thought of companionship in misery failed to comfort me. How I longed to move in order to restore my circulation, but dared not lest the rustle of a leaf, the breaking of a twig,

might startle the wary animal for whom we were lying in wait.

On a midnight vigil in the depths of the primeval forest, alone with a single companion two-score miles from a human being white or red, one is strangely "quick to read the noises of the night." With nerves strung high, and every sense on the alert, but few sounds pass unheard. Well it is, too, to be on the *qui vive*, for even the largest and heaviest of the deer-tribe can advance with a cautious stealth that passes belief. From afar comes the plaintive cry of the loon—now a weird laugh, now breaking into the mournful wail as of a lost child. From behind is heard the soft monotonous hooting of a solitary owl. For a moment all is still, then from across the narrow lake comes loud and clear a noise like the echoing blows of a mighty axe, wielded by some giant spirit of the forest. Every drop of the sportsman's blood in our veins is fired, and we instinctively cock our rifles, recognizing the challenge-call of a bull-moose. We peer out from between the leaves of our ambush, endeavouring to pierce the darkness of the shadows on the farther shore, but that belt of black is impenetrable. There is a faint crackling of branches, and a moment later the sound of splashing water. Still nothing is visible. How wildly tantalizing is the situation! The splashing ceases—another sound of crackling bushes and another echoing challenge, which is still ringing in our ears, when suddenly from the forest beside us rises a sound on the still night air that momentarily chills our blood—an indescribable, demoniac howl, like a madman's cry of anguish, agonized, long-drawn out—the melancholy howl of a wolf. Again that howl—but only to be cut short by a rattle of short, sharp yelps—the cries of the pack on the trail of some fleeing deer. Poor creature! The sound grows fainter and fainter; then suddenly ceases. We strain our ears, but in vain. Not a sound—silence, deep, intense. Has the deer succeeded in reaching water and safety, or are those white fangs

already tearing at the warm flesh? We shiver, but not from the cold. Nevertheless we draw the damp blanket over our shoulders and crawl down once more among the underbrush, depressed with a strange feeling of loneliness, and a sense of impending calamity for which we cannot account.

There we lay shivering till the stars disappeared one by one, and the sky above the eastern end of the lake assumed a grayish tinge which gradually stretched across the heavens, becoming brighter and brighter as it spread. A bird began to chirp in the wood; a raven flapped overhead through the half-light, croaking words of ill-omen. Mist was rising in layers from the warm surface of the water.

The eastern sky turned slowly from gray to saffron, then warmed to orange, then deepened to pink—a moment, and the whole heavens glowed with a fairy wealth of rich hues and delicate tints, heralding the Monarch of the Day, ere he climbed blood-red above the eastern pines. I was intent on watching the vagaries of this huge kaleidoscope when I felt my arm grasped and saw my companion pointing down the lake. There in the light of the rising sun was a red-deer, a graceful, lithe, antlered creature standing at the edge of the water. A moment only and then some scent of danger must have reached the timid animal, for suddenly, with a few mighty bounds, he disappeared in the underbrush. His fear was groundless; Dick and I were after larger game.

The sun rose higher and higher, and the newly-risen west wind rustled the birch-leaves overhead and shook down the glistening drops in a miniature rain-storm. We scanned the lake with anxious eyes, for September was well advanced, and it was possible that the animals who had made these countless tracks had already deserted the lakes and rivers and retired to the hills. Till now we had been exhilarated with the thought that at any moment we might get a shot. I could not but think how strangely our hopes resembled the mist that we had seen rising higher and higher, until it had covered the pine-

tops of the further shore with a fairy-veil. And now, like the mist, our hopes were being put to flight by the ever-rising sun. Just as the last wreath of vapour vanished, I sat up and listlessly prepared to unload my rifle. Of a truth, hope deferred maketh the heart sick. But how suddenly my hand dropped from the lever and I became petrified into immobility! Up the shore to the right we heard a single crack, then the faint swish of parting bushes, and the next moment appeared, not fourscore yards away, a huge muzzle surmounted by the unmistakable horns. I felt my heart in my throat. All those weary hours of waiting redeemed in one brief moment! The cautious brute looked up and down the lake, and I held my breath as his eyes fell on our hiding-place. We crouched motionless and the slight breeze blowing towards us was fatal to his powers of scent. At length, satisfied and secure, he stepped out into the muddy arena and stalked slowly down towards the water against which his mighty silhouette stood outlined. In reality no larger than a large horse, our excited eyes exaggerated his size till he appeared gigantic.

What a chance for a shot behind the shoulder! I hurriedly threw down the lever to force a cartridge into the barrel, but Dick had evidently been quicker than I and already had his Winchester to his shoulder. I saw his finger bend, and the hammer fell. Instead of a report came a sharp click—the magazine was full, but he had nothing in the barrel. At the suspicious noise the bull turned half round in our direction, his great ears thrown forward, his nostrils distended. There was not a moment to lose. We both took a hasty aim and fired. As my companion saw the great beast fall in a nerveless heap he rushed out believing all was over. Cough after cough was shaking that huge frame and a crimson stream flowed from mouth and nostrils. Suddenly, and without warning, the moose struggled to his feet, glared round for his enemy and charged madly upon my friend. I longed to fire, but Dick was

between me and the animal. His position was thrilling enough to satisfy the most adventurous, for he knew that to get within striking distance of those knife-like hoofs, cutting forward and downward, meant hideous death. Not for a moment did his nerve fail him. Throwing down the lever to reload he raised the rifle to his shoulder, but before he could fire the mighty legs collapsed, and with terrific force the moose struck the ground. As the animal lay struggling, plunging, in a vain effort to raise its head, Dick cautiously approached and gave it the death-shot.

Poor brute! Yet the exultation that one feels on such an occasion is stronger than the pity. I felt too a personal enmity, as it were, against the animal—enmity born, no doubt, of his savage attack upon my friend, though I could not stifle a certain feeling of admiration for its pluck and courage when so sorely wounded. Those two small holes told the tale. Nothing but the strength of madness could have enabled him to gather himself together for that last charge.

As we stood gazing at our quarry, I was conscious that there was taking place a wonderful metamorphosis, one which I had never seen discussed in any scientific work, the transformation of our moose into a "white elephant." Two solitary campers and half a ton of fresh meat! The idea terrified me, for at that time my views were slightly tinged with the heresy of vegetarianism. Dick, too, had evidently seen the process of change, but also a remedy to arrest it. "The sooner," he said, "we strip some birch-bark and smoke that meat the better." "All right, but breakfast first," I replied, pulling out my hunting-knife and proceeding to cut out a couple of steaks. We then threw some spruce boughs over the huge form as a protection against the sun and left it for the time being to the tender mercies of vagabond wolves and the other vultures of the north, while we made our way back to camp to appease our unruly appetites.

## GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS.

### THIRD ARTICLE.

*By R. L. Richardson, M.P.*

IN this paper I propose dealing briefly with the stocking and bonding privileges granted to railway companies, and with rates and competition.

In addition to the valuable franchises granted to railway companies, it has always been and still is the custom to confer upon them power to raise money by bonding them for amounts vastly in excess of the requirements for construction and equipment. The opportunities and inducements for political debauchery in this condition of matters are obvious. It is my belief that few railway schemes of any magnitude have been free from political corruption. Not only has the country given directly the means of building the railways, but by the stocking and bonding powers which it has given, it has enabled the promoters to load these railways with enormous debts for stock and bonds, the proceeds of which have very largely gone into the pockets of the promoters and others who have made no contribution of any kind towards the enterprise. The enormous grants and endowments given to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company enabled it, notwithstanding the gigantic financial manipulations, to commence operating with a much smaller bonded indebtedness than other lines which had been the victims of similar financial exploitations, but had not been the recipients of the same public generosity. On this account it might be thought that compensation for the great public sacrifices would have been forthcoming in the way of low freight and passenger rates. Indeed, according to the debates when the contract went through Parliament, Sir John Macdonald intimated that, owing to the vast public subsidies being voted, the road would be able to carry freight at

one-fourth the rates charged on unaided transcontinental lines. Instead, however, of this expectation and prediction being realized, we find that freight rates on the "national highway" have been burdensome, exorbitant and discriminatory. It would be superfluous to quote the rates in proof of this statement; suffice it to say that the pressure of Western agitation against these rates became so severe some years ago that the Government was obliged to appoint a Commission to inquire into them. The evidence submitted to that Commission, and which is still available, abundantly proved the exorbitant nature of the rates in comparison with those of other lines. On what theory other than the possession of a monopoly could a rate of \$3 per thousand feet of lumber from Rat Portage to Winnipeg, while the C.P.R.'s rate from Ottawa to Montreal (practically the same distance) was \$1 per thousand, be explained? Mr. Davies, M.P. for Saskatchewan, and who lives in Prince Albert, informed the House in 1897 that he paid the C.P.R. \$518 freight bill on a carload of apples that cost him \$195 in Seaforth, Ont. It has, as previously intimated in these papers, been the custom of the C.P.R. to cry out against the construction of railways in Canada, if they are designed to connect with the American railway system, as unpatriotic, disloyal and a menace to the "national highway," even though the railways proposed are to be built without any public subventions or exemptions, as was the case with the Kettle River Valley Railway. Without wasting time to discuss this contention of the Company, let us see how the "national highway" treats its American as distinguished from its Canadian pat-



rons, and it will be seen how far the policy of the Company is designed to build up Canadian centres and Canadian trade. The "national highway" was, as I have already shown, built entirely with the resources of the Canadian people and presented to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

This "national" corporation constructed a railway through the States of Michigan and Minnesota from St. Paul to Sault Ste. Marie, whence the road traversed the Province of Ontario to Sudbury over the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The United States portion of the line is known as the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway, or the "Soo" line. Not one dime or dimes' value of public assistance from the United States, or from Michigan or Minnesota, that I have ever heard of, was given to assist the construction of this American road, which is of great service to the United States territory served; and yet over this line, built no doubt largely, if not entirely, with money contributed by the Canadian people in high freight rates, the loyalty-loving Canadian Pacific Railway Company carries freight for foreigners at just about half what it charges the Canadians for carrying freight over the line built by themselves in their own country. The distance from Montreal to Winnipeg is equal to that from New York to Minneapolis. Here are the comparative rates taken from recent tariffs:

	Montreal to Winnipeg via C.P.R.	New York to Min- neapolis via M. St. P. and Sault Ste. Marie and N. Y. Central.
1st class . . .	\$1.98	\$1.05
2nd class . . .	1.70	.91
3rd class . . .	1.35	.70
4th class . . .	1.05	.49
5th class . . .	.88	.42

It will be observed that, whilst in the higher classifications the rates from Montreal to Winnipeg are not quite double those from New York to Minneapolis, on the lower classifications they are more than double. It has only to be remembered that the vast bulk of all freight comes under the fourth and fifth classes, to enable the

reader to see that the C.P.R. charges its Canadian patrons more than double the rates it charges its American patrons. To emphasize the injustice perpetrated on the Canadian people, it must be borne in mind that on the haul from Montreal to Winnipeg the C.P.R. retains the entire rate, while on the haul from New York to Minneapolis it has to divide with the N. Y. Central. In view of the foregoing, the reader is in a position to place a proper estimate upon the "loyalty" of the Company and its motive for appealing to the Canadian people on that cry. In the first year of its operations the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie road made a loss of \$800,000, and it has never paid expenses since. Is the deficit made good by increasing the rates on that road? Hardly. That is impossible, as the existence of nine other American lines regulates the rates. This large deficit is made good by the unfortunate Western Canadian freight-payer. He must pay excessive rates to enable the Company to reimburse itself for the loss entailed in carrying freight at half the Canadian rates for the Americans, who, happily for them, are fellow-countrymen of the present and recent president of "our great national highway." It would be a mistake to assume that the Western people are the only sufferers from the gross folly exhibited in the transportation policy of Government. Nor is it to be supposed that the Canadian Pacific is the only sinner in the line of discrimination against Canadian and in favour of American producers. That it is the greatest sinner is only because its opportunities have been greater. The difference between it and its rival has only been a difference of degree and opportunity. The Ontario farmer has been the victim of discrimination to an equal extent as has been his compatriot in the Northwest.

It will doubtless take some time yet to eradicate the impression which has so long existed, that competition will cure the evil and bring transportation relief. A study of this phase of the question has demonstrated, *ad nauseum*, that free



competition in railway rates is a delusion and an impossibility. This is now accepted as axiomatic in other countries, and it is only in our own country that we find a few statesmen still wedded to the notion that when you have built a railway and have given it to a corporation which charges exorbitant rates, the remedy is to build another and give it to some other corporation, trusting to the delusive law of competition to have the tolls brought down to a reasonable basis. Competition between private railway corporations is not possible; nor is it desirable or necessary if the transportation business of the country is placed on a proper basis. The duplication of railways for the purpose of securing competition is merely a waste of public resources, and the producers pay for all the extravagance, folly and corruption in the end. If one railway has sufficient capacity to serve a given territory, does it not stand to reason that it is infinitely safer and more prudent in the public interest to regulate the rates upon that line so that while they will produce a fair dividend on capital invested, while working no hardship on the shipper, than it would be to allow the construction of a "competing" line, which, by dividing the traffic, would render both roads non-paying, and thus necessitate the maintenance of excessive rates in order to keep the roads out of the hands of the sheriff? In addition, the people would have to pay the operating expenses of two instead of one railway. Until the public comes to realize that it is the people who pay the piper, no matter what the conditions and manipulations, it will be difficult for them to reach sensible, definite and effective conclusions, and to attain a satisfactory solution of the transportation problem. It is not so much new railroads that are needed, as it is regulation of the existing lines.

The methods of railway finance adopted by our railway "promoters," has been perhaps the most vicious concomitant of a vicious system. A study of the question is all that is necessary to convince one that our Cana-

dian railway magnates have not sat in vain at the feet of the expert manipulators who figured in the great American transcontinental railway enterprises. As in the case of most copyists we have, in making the copy, exaggerated all the worst features of the original. The primary object of railway exploiters was not to furnish communities with transportation facilities, but through the possession of the transportation franchises, of whose value the communities were ignorant, and of the immense accompanying gifts and privileges, to acquire for themselves enormous unearned wealth and to secure a lien on the labours and property of all the future dwellers in the territories affected by their exploitations. The public hears of trusts, monopolies, "watered" stocks, overcapitalization, etc., and it has a vague notion that the existence of these economic phenomena is inimical to its interests, but only a relatively very few have a thorough comprehension of the meaning of these expressions, and of the manipulating processes which they represent; and fewer still have any realizing sense of what corporation "finance," especially when it is exploiting a great public franchise, costs to the people as a whole, and to every single individual of the community. Notwithstanding the fact that the Canadian Pacific Railway received in public subsidies sufficient, if properly handled, to build its entire system in Canada, and should not, therefore, be loaded with any indebtedness, it has to-day an indebtedness in bonds and preference stock of about \$115,000,000 and its common stock amounts to \$65,000,000 in addition. As has been already pointed out, this stock of \$65,000,000 which stands as a liability against the property, and on which the settlers are to pay interest in high freight rates for all time, realized much less than half its par value. Of the amount so realized, \$21,000,000 was paid in dividends, mostly to the "promoters" before the road was completed or earning dividends. Out of the entire \$65,000,000, only about \$8,000,000 is

even pretended to have been invested in the work of construction, where it all should have gone; and, as Mr. Blake pointed out, it is not possible to determine, on account of the mystery veiling the operations of the North American Construction Co. (which was principally composed of members of the C. P. R. syndicate) whether any even of the \$8,000,000 went into the railway. But the freight-payers have been actually paying interest all along on this \$65,000,000 common stock. This stock, which was distributed in large blocks among the promoters at 25 cents on the dollar, has been selling as high as 98 and 99 cents on the London money market.

The following extract from an American writer of a work on monopolies, "The Corporation Problem," serves to illustrate how railway finance is manipulated in order to enrich the promoters, and undoubtedly presents a true picture of what has occurred and is occurring in our own country :

"The early railroad builder, promoter and manipulator was as crafty and manysided in his methods as Ulysses himself. He was skilled in the art of issuing watered stock and bonds. By devices well known to the corporation lawyer, he generally managed, if his road actually cost \$1,000,000, to issue \$2,000,000 of stock and \$2,000,000 of railway bonds secured on the railway itself. He accordingly had \$4,000,000 of stock and bonds, and of this amount \$3,000,000 was pure 'water.' In the course of time these bonds and stock were sold. They passed into *bona fide* hands. The result was that a railroad, costing \$1,000,000, part of which was raised by municipal bonds given to the railroad itself, had obligations outstanding for \$4,000,000 upon which it endeavoured to pay interest and dividends."

Another American writer, after describing the "watering" operations in connection with the New York Central and Erie railways, goes on : "A still more notorious and flagrant example of stock inflation is that of the Pacific railways. The public are familiar with

the record of this creation of stupendous wealth out of a loan of a Government subsidy and the gift of an empire in land. The story of the construction company, the 'Credit Mobilier,' upon whose stock, the investment in which was normal, the greater portion of the shares and debt of the Union Pacific Railway was distributed as dividends, is part of the record of national politics. It is also well known how the Central Pacific Railway was built. A company of capitalists, whose resources at the beginning of the enterprise were \$195,000 with the aid of loans from the city of Sacramento and Placer county to the extent of \$550,000, built enough road to draw \$848,000 from the United States treasury as the subsidy for the first section, and by repeating the process constructed the entire road. The majority of the Pacific Railway Commission estimate the cost of the Union Pacific at \$50,720,000 against a capitalization of \$109,000,000, and the cost of the Central Pacific at \$58,000,000 against a total capitalization of \$124,000,000, showing in each case that all the stock and a portion of the bonds are pure 'water.' The minority report makes the cost of the Union Pacific \$38,824,000 and of the Central Pacific \$40,000,000, or less than one-third of the capitalization. It is well known that of this capitalization the stock does not represent a dollar of actual investment, that a large portion of the debt was pocketed by the constructors of the road in the shape of contracts which they made with themselves to build the tracks at two or three times the legitimate cost, that the road was almost, if not wholly, paid for by the Government subsidy and that of the \$256,000,000 of additional stock and bonds issued upon the properties an estimate that one-third represents invested cash will be too liberal."

These extracts suggest the source of inspiration of our own Canadian railway promoters and financiers. We have seen that the C. P. R. financiers learned all that their Union Pacific mentors knew, and thought out some new de-

vices of their own. The Union Pacific cash subsidy from the United States was not an unconditional grant, but a loan of which the United States Government has compelled repayment with interest. The C.P.R. subsidy, aggregating in cash, completed railway and lands, to an amount estimated at \$135,000,000, was an absolute gift.

But to what conclusion do all the figures and data which has been presented, in a form probably too much extended to please the readers of *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*, but too condensed to satisfy the writer, lead? It must be apparent to all rational minds that the data presented, that the waste, the dissatisfaction, and the immense public loss which Canada has experienced in the Department of Public Transportation have been the result of the private exploitation and control of a business which is, least of any business, adapted to such private control, as it is that the sun is the source of light and heat. The obvious and only efficacious remedy is the ownership and control of the railways of the country by the State.

In dealing with the question of Government ownership of railways, it will not be necessary at the outset to waste any space advancing arguments to prove the feasibility of any new proposition. Government ownership is no theory; it is no untried fad; it is a proved success. In such countries as Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, and the Australasian colonies, the State controls all or most of the railways, and with what success I propose to show, although the data in my possession is not so ample as could be desired. Government ownership of railways is merely the application by the State of the principle of municipal ownership, in favour of which there is a great wave sweeping over our own continent as well as over some of the countries in the old world. If it is found profitable for the people to control their own gas plants, their own water supply, their own street railways, etc., why should it not be in their interests to control their own

railways, their own telegraphs and other great franchises out of which private corporations are making fat dividends on watered stocks for the benefit of shareholders who probably did nothing to create the store of wealth from which these vast profits are drawn? What makes a street railway franchise valuable? Is it not the presence of the population? Of what value would a tram car service, say, on King Street, Toronto, be to the stockholders if there were no people living in the Queen City? On the same principle, of what value would the C.P.R. franchise be if there were no people in Canada to patronise it? It is the people that create the wealth, and if there is any profit in the operation of these franchises, they should be operated for the benefit of the people, and the dividends should go to the people. This proposition is so simple and so eminently fair that no man of sense will deny it. Up to the present the Canadian people, led by politicians, not statesmen, have not only been distributing these valuable franchises with lavish hand, but have been in addition heaping hundreds of millions in cash and lands upon the successful "promoters" and exploiters with which to build and equip the roads. I believe I am absolutely within the mark in making the declaration that the people of Canada have themselves contributed of their substance in public gifts an amount equal to, if not in excess of, the value of every mile of railway in the Dominion. If this declaration be correct, what an appalling thing it is, and more especially when we realize that not only do we exercise little or no control over the railway companies, but that we have deliberately and by Act of Parliament, deprived ourselves of the power to exercise any control over the rates of the "great national highway," the dominating corporation, except under certain conditions which a little skilful manipulation on the part of the Company will render nugatory.

While the people of Canada who have given the matter any consideration are reasonably unanimous in the

belief that the transportation situation of the country is bad, and that it must become worse unless some radical change is made, it is doubtful if they have given a sufficiently careful study to the question, and brought to bear upon that study the experience of other countries, to conclude that the fundamental cause of the trouble is the private exercise of a function with the primary object of private gain, which can be properly and safely exercised only by a public authority, exclusively in the public interest. It goes without saying that the railway promoters, financiers, magnates, and all the related classes are, and will continue to be, unalterably opposed to State ownership and control of railways.

The reason for their opposition is too obvious to require explanation. Notwithstanding the experience of other countries where the reform has been successfully tried, these people will continue to declare against State ownership as impracticable and unprofitable. Upon every hand one hears the objection that State railways would cost so much more to build than private owned lines. It is pointed out that owing to political influence and boddling, it would be impossible to keep the cost of construction down to any reasonable limit. In face of the data submitted in earlier papers of this series, it would be difficult to imagine that the cost of construction under public ownership could be greater than under private.

Canada can borrow money at a much less rate of interest and much better conditions than any private corporation. With cheap money we can build railways cheaper than any private corporation; and when built, assuming that the work has been done under capable and honest management, we would have a dollar's value to show for every dollar expended.

The immense "rake off" which under present conditions goes to the promoter, and, if what Mr. Osler tells us is true, (and who doubts it?) to the politicians as well, would all be

saved. In so far as the construction of State railways is concerned there is surely nothing to fear. As to the operation of State railways there is surely no reason why they could not be as efficiently managed as is the present privately owned system in the Dominion. Intelligent Canadians will all admit the ability and efficiency that characterize the management of our railway systems. Great prescience has been displayed in selecting the staffs that man the different roads. Does any reasonable citizen think that the same managers and the same staffs cannot be induced to remain in the country and work for the people at the same salary as they now receive from bondholders in Holland and elsewhere if Canada took over the roads? If any danger to the State from political influence should be threatened, the management and control of the system could be vested in a commission to which might be given statutory powers to be exercised apart from Governmental control, and if further precautionary measures were necessary all employes could be disfranchised, thus making it impossible to use the system as a political engine. To boil all down, it simply means that owing to our political system, and the tendency of the electorate to be distracted from the great interests of the country by prejudices, by personal likings or animosities, by stump-speech oratory and little factional struggles, the class of men which, as a rule, is found in control of Government is unfit by reason of want of business capacity and not infrequently of business integrity, to successfully grapple with so great and so complex a question as the transportation interests of the country.

It must be admitted in all honesty that experience with our statesmen seems to justify the popularly expressed fear that "there would be too much politics" in the management, if we had Government ownership of railways. But this could be avoided by adopting the plan I have just suggested. Even if the contention of State ownership



critics were sound, that the railway service would become an engine of political debauchery and would be weighted down with a horde of inexperienced political "workers" and office-seekers, that would not in any way affect the desirability and practi-

cability of State ownership of railways. Must it not be admitted that one of the most urgent reasons for State ownership is the fact that there is already "too much politics" in the pernicious policy which we have so long followed, and to which we are still adhering?

*The Fourth and Last Article will appear in December.*

## A MATTER OF PROSODY.

*By Franklin Gadsby.*

THAT the name of young Messer Andrea Perotti hath not been handed down as a maker of Florence is due chiefly to reasons I shall set down in this scripture.

When a lusty fellow of fair patrimony winneth a beautiful woman and vengeance of his rival by one shrewd stroke, he is prone to rest content with his happiness, recking little the fame of great achievements. For if love and hate be satisfied while the blood is yet riotous, what incentive remaineth? Wherefore, Messer Andrea, having need to sweat neither in body nor in mind, spent all his days among the bees, birds and flowers of his Tuscan villa, and when he died his wife, Fiametta, closed his eyes and, for a little space, wept daily at his grave until she, too, was borne gently to Paradise to be with him forever.

You may hardly conceive that a man should withdraw himself from the patronage of a great prince like Cosimo de Medici, and from a society interpenetrated with a zeal for learning; yet none other than this did Messer Andrea. Ah, what an age—when prince honoured poet and rescued him from the penury which strangeth great thoughts, when philosophers were full

fed and bookworms haughty, when ideas were of as much esteem as ducats, when men were more concerned to furnish forth their minds than their pockets, when a false quantity in Virgil was wont to shake Florence to the foundations! And what an age we have fallen on now, when even the clergy give not the vowels their due! Alack-a-day!

In the loggia of his house at Florence sat Messer Andrea. Beneath him was the public square where the fountain splashed many colours in the sunshine. With the tail of his eye he might see the Arno, like a burnished riband broken into a golden fringe where the water rippled against the bridges. The drowsy haze swayed high or low as the vernal winds listed, and from the eaves the doves called to each other.

In Messer Andrea's breast a fierce fight was waging 'twixt youth and ambition. Whether would he be off a Maying or at home slaving over a musty classic?

"A curse on't!" he muttered. "A curse on't, that my courtly father should so advise me! Cosimo is a scholar, he wrote. In him lies all honour and preferment. Therefore, be

(NOTE.—The Benedictine Monk, who records this tale in his gossipy chronicles, seems to have been a very human old fellow in spite of his cowl. That he was a close student of the Renaissance there can be no doubt. I have done my best to preserve his quaint seventeenth-century style.)



studious, for to be wise nowadays is to be both rich and happy."

Messer Andrea cast a regretful glance at the children prattling and laughing in the square, sighed, and yielded himself to duty. He placed his hand on the manuscript which lay on his knee—a frayed, yellow parchment, unearthed by some clerkly knight from the lumber room of a Swiss monastery. Carefully he raised the battered covers and exposed the brittle parchment whence fled a great blue-bottle fly. It disappeared with a jubilant hum into the palpitating air, whither wended also Messer Andrea's unstable thoughts. In sooth, a spring day is a tricky season for Florentine scholars, if they be young and full of sap!

"Per Dio!" exclaimed Messer Andrea. "What an eldritch sprite! Mark the sun glisten on its wings! Ah, little insect, the grace of thy flight, the freedom, the swiftness! And where hast thou alighted? By the Furies, on the nose of mine enemy, Messer Carlo Aretino! Oh, abominable fly, to settle on such carrion!"

Messer Carlo brushed the pest aside, set his cap aright and arranged his mantle. Such care of his toilet presaged the approach of some fair one, and presently the maid came demurely across the square. And Messer Andrea, watching intently, went black as thunder.

"Now, Heaven send," prayed Messer Andrea irreverently, "that she wends to the Duomo, and not to tryst with Messer Carlo! Ah, Fiametta, lift not your kirtle so high! Yon fish hath no blood in him to leap at sight of a pretty ankle!"

But Fiametta, like maidens ever, was unminded to let any cavalier go unnoticed. So she halted by the fountain and spoke to Messer Carlo.

"Death and Hades!" groaned Messer Andrea. "What sees she in that zany? A clod, a block, a worm, a mole, with naught to commend him but his diligence! A pestilence on Cosimo for robbing his counting house of a clerk because he came upon him conning Horace! Are there not

gentlemen enough in Tuscany of whom to make scholars? And yet the rogue hath a style, precise though it be laborious. His Latinity may not be blown upon, though his Greek hath been oppugned."

Just here Messer Carlo stretched forth his right hand and rested it while one might count three, on Fiametta's arm. 'Twas a timid gesture withal, but Messer Andrea saw a thousand meanings in it, and suspected a thousand more.

"So!" he hissed. "That way lies it, Fiametta! Wouldst be coddling palms with that scullion who weareth a beard for that he hath no chin, and moustaches for that he hath a hare-lip, and a long cloak for that he hath bandy legs!"

Messer Andrea scowled while Fiametta continued to hold smiling converse with Messer Carlo. A trivial discourse it was, the latest news of the court, how Pope Nicholas V. had stolen Cosimo's best scholar, and never a word of love, but Messer Andrea could know naught of that.

"Curses on my courtly father," he growled, "who told me to be wise was to be happy! If knowledge increaseth sorrow, it increaseth joy. 'Tis a joy to love Fiametta, what anguish to be flouted by her! And the false minx smiles on yonder grub for that he is in favour with Cosimo! And wherefore? Writes he comely serenades? I can cap him with aubades! Turns he a sprightly quatrain? I excel in dixain! Doth he compose Latin pentameters? I outshine him in Tuscan hexameters! Doth he copy neatly the ode Horatian? My sonnets Petrarch himself would commend!"

And now Fiametta, having drained Messer Carlo of all his gossip, shot a glance upward at Messer Andrea's loggia. It was then she encountered the burning eyes and angry face of her handsome young lover. But Fiametta was moved, not to repentance, but to fresh mischief. She released a red rose from its slumber in her snowy bosom and gave it to Messer Carlo who fastened it in his tunic for a favour.

Whereupon Messer Andrea rumbled curses like the threatenings of Vesuvius. He bit his lip and fingered his dagger.

"I would," he muttered, "that my poignard were tickling his heart! Yet by such a death I make a martyr of him in her eyes! Pshaw! 'Tis the vengeance of a bravo, not of a gentleman and a scholar! I must prick him where it hurteth most—his scholarship!"

At this moment the blue-bottle fly which had seduced Messer Andrea from his studies, settled again on Messer Carlo's nose, which organ, having the aspect of a ripe cherry, was attractive for baccivorous birds and insects.

It clung so stoutly that Messer Carlo, who had some weather lore, cried out, "'Twill be a rainy day, that I doubt not."

"Messer Carlo," quoth Fiametta petulantly, "I was not speaking of the weather!"

Whereupon she pranced around the corner and beyond Messer Andrea's vision. But Messer Carlo, discomfited, stood by the fountain, peering at his own wavering shadow in the water.

"A blessing on thee, little fly!" quoth Messer Andrea fervently. "Thou hast nipped an assignation!"

Thereupon Messer Andrea returned to his manuscript in the hope that exercise of his reason on the crabbed character might slacken the fierce current of his thoughts. Diligently he followed the maunderings of the good monk who wrote, but found naught to whet his fancy.

Of a sudden, however, he came upon a mark where either no mark or another had ought to be. 'Twas a little mark—an accent, so :

But over what word it lay it booteth me not to tell, for the author is no more extant, and the printer, an intelligent man and a skilled, informeth me he hath no font for the Greek.

Now Messer Andrea, a keen Grecian—though he had got the language from the muddy stream of Byzantium—knew

that, in all conscience, the proper accent was the circumflex, for, as every grammarian consenteth, two acute accents cannot be upon the same word. Wherefore Messer Andrea bent his brows to the puzzle and thought diligently.

"Is the man an every-day ass like his brothers?" he murmured. "Or is he a Heaven-born philosopher! For once in a while so much lies in a stroke one way or the other. In sooth I had not suspected this drivelling pedant of anything recondite."

It passed through Messer Andrea's mind of the many strange devices by which clever monks had hidden their heterodoxies in their works. And, so musing, his eyes strayed to the roof of the loggia where the great blue-bottle fly was now humming drowsily.

"I have it!" quoth Messer Andrea triumphantly. "Bless thee once more, little fly, for a bright thought hath flown straight from thee to me! I smell reprisals on Messer Carlo!"

And since God, who is love, hath a special care for lovers, even though they be jealous lovers, straightway a chance offered itself which Messer Andrea seized right willingly. For across the square, with beards wagging and voices strident, potted the four greatest Grecians in all Florence. And they were jangling as was ever their custom, and Messer Carlo, nothing loth, joined in the disputation.

"What ho, gentlemen all, and you Messer Carlo!" called Messer Andrea. "Hither ye philologers and philosophers! I have found something of great import!"

So the five wise men panted up Messer Andrea's stairs and came out into the coolness of his loggia, where they were served with sweet wines to temper their acrimony.

"And what, sirs," quoth Messer Andrea, "was the wrangle? In sooth ye are a testy lot!"

"The matter of our quarrel," replied Messer Georgios Gemistos, "was serious. 'Twas the meaning of the word Logos in the blessed Gospel of Saint John."

"And truly," quoth Messer Andrea with a smile, "ye were like to come to blows over the message of peace!"

"And why not," piped Messer Georgios Trapezuntios, "when for a smaller matter I boxed Messer Poggio's ears in presence of the Holy Father himself, for that he had filched from me the credit of translating Xenophon and Diodorus?"

But here Messer Manuel Chrysoloras interposed, for his brother Grecian was waxing wroth at the memory of the injustice.

"My dear Messer Andrea," quoth he, "what hast thou discovered? A lost book of Livy, a play of Menander, or a new filthiness in Messer Filelfo's writings?"

"None of these!" quoth Messer Andrea, brandishing his manuscript. "Ye have discovered many wonderful things, even the triunity of the Deity in the three persons of the verb! Now read me this riddle! See you this mark? Is't the Feminine Accusative or the Second Aorist? I crave your minds of it!"

And the five scholars were quick to see the force of Messer Andrea's question, and the manuscript was handed about and gravely examined.

At last, Messer Georgios Gemistos, who had himself contrived a most subtle philosophy, said impatiently, "I have no respect of these patristic fellows. Having made their own crass style they may well have devised their own accentuation. Let the point be submitted to the Academy! I pronounce not upon it!"

And after him spoke Messer Johannes Argyropoulos, than whom no greater expositor of Thucydides ever lived. "Your author, Messer Andrea, is not a mystagogue. He hath not the imagination of a grasshopper. I fix myself upon the Feminine Accusative. The accent is an error of the transcriber."

"And I," quoth Messer Georgios Trapezuntios, "would fain deliberate the question overnight. It behoveth us not to deliver hastily on such a

point. Rules there may be even for the exceptions."

Now, Messer Manuel Chrysoloras, as good a Grecian as the best, had been scanning the manuscript intently.

"I doubt," quoth he, and here he tapped it with his lean finger. "I doubt if the mark is deep ingrained. It may be but superficial."

But it ran not with Messer Andrea's wishes to have Messer Manuel set this interpretation upon it. So he took the manuscript and passed it charily to Messer Carlo.

"And what saith Messer Carlo?" quoth Messer Andrea, guilefully. "Messer Carlo, whose scholarship is equalled only by his mother wit!"

And Messer Carlo, with the over-sureness of youth, delivered a learned disquisition whereby he delivered himself into the hand of his enemy, for he, alone, based himself first, last, and altogether on the Second Aorist!

"For," concluded Messer Carlo, "if the accent be there, and there it is in plain sight, it follows that it must be the Second Aorist of the verb. Which meaneth that a new system of philosophy is hidden in this germ! A most drastic system, my colleagues! A system which implieth the destruction of all others, and a full revision of our cosmogony, our theology, our theogony, our geography, our astronomy! We must begin our science anew! We must build up our shattered Cosmos! and all through a Second Aorist!"

Now, Messer Andrea was rejoiced at these strong words, but he took pains to clinch the matter.

"And that," quoth he, "is your last word, Messer Carlo?"

"I stand or fall by it! My voice is for the Second Aorist!"

"Well, then, gentlemen all," quoth Messer Andrea, "hearken to me. Heaven forefend that another philosophy should bewilder us, when so many are abroad already! Heaven forefend that all the direful things should happen which Messer Carlo hath predicted! Heaven forefend we should incur the labour of building our Cosmos anew!"

Here Messer Carlo fidgeted, for it seized him that Messer Andrea was laughing at him.

"And more is this to be avoided," quoth Messer Andrea, "for that a tiny thing may breed a troublesome philosophy—a bunion on the sage's toe, a colic, a megrim, an indigestion, a toothache! Such a man, they say, hath a bee in his bonnet! And if a bee, why not a fly! And if a fly invade the delicate convolutions of the brain, doth he not leave his mark on the page where the philosopher setteth his thoughts?"

Here Messer Andrea spread out the manuscript, and his middle finger, a shapely one with a nail like opal, lay on the disputed point.

"Messer Carlo," quoth he, "hath

found that which would shatter all others. Thus do I shatter Messer Carlo!"

Whereupon Messer Andrea flicked the accent with his nail, and immediately where a mark had been, appeared only a smudge, like the shadow of an eyelash, or the ghost, perchance, of a fly speck—so: o.

And just then the blue-bottle fly settled once more on Messer Carlo's cherry nose.

"A plague on the fly!" quoth the discomfited scholar, and his words were full of meaning.

And by evening all Florence was laughing at the clever jest. And Fiammetta laughed, and thereafter loved only Messer Andrea.

## PADMAJA: THE LOTUS-BORN.

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF THE POET SILENZIO DE AMORE.—DEDICATED TO THE PRINCESS GIOVANELLA CAETANI.)

*Muthyala Sarojini Naidus in The Indian Review.*

"PERCHANCE, from the land whence thou dost come the gods have departed and speak no more with men."

### I.

As I sit in my garden once more listening to the song of the nightingales among the laurels that shut away the white sea from my eyes, I cannot tell whether it was but the phantasy of a vision, or the experience of actual life; for I am a poet, a dreamer, and for me the recollections of the world of dreams merge so subtly into the realities of the tangible world that I myself know not where lies the faint line of boundary between the two.

Some years ago, in the weariness of a great revolt against the complex and disturbing trivialities of an age that had achieved an unessential greatness, I had buried myself in the immemorial magic of the East; conceiving that in

the profound beauty of its philosophy, literature and legend, I might recover the fountains of lost wisdom, sprung from the very core of the Universe. And more especially was I drawn by all the subtle necessities of my imagination towards India, where the spiritual life had attained the perfect flower of eternal beatitude.

The longing grew upon me with so irresistible a power that, before I could realize it, I was ploughing through the foam of alien seas towards the land of my desire.

Intoxicated with the enthusiasm of a spirit longing to lose itself in the supreme bliss of *Nirvana*, I journeyed, a fiery-souled pilgrim, from place to place, choosing rather the more remote and inaccessible spots, where the breath of modern life had not desecrated the primeval legend of the people's life.

I wandered for a year, seeking in vain for the fulfilment of my heart's



desire. The poetry of life was still alive, indeed, still fresh, still fragrant with the dew of antique ages. I was perpetually enchanted with the simple, moving idylls of daily life; and the lyric incidents of daily custom; the bright sky, troops of maidens, all musical with silver anklets and radiant in coloured robes, returning from the river at dawn, with shining vessels of water poised on hip, head or shoulder, the stalwart crowds of bare-bodied peasants sheltered against the noon-day sun in the shadow of a banyan tree breathlessly listening to some chanted epic of gods and battle from the lips of a wandering minstrel; the quaint music and poetic rites of the temple at sunset time, and the swift conflicting streams of pilgrims coming down and going up the path by the temple-tank with hurrying feet and vivid faces, carrying tributes of cakes and honey and lotus-flowers for the altars.

Yes; the poetry of life was still fresh, still fragrant, but it was only a blossom plucked short from the glory of the past. Had the roots of it, indeed, perished with the perished race of gods and heroes?

The bitterness of a heavy disillusion was upon me; my pilgrimage had been of no avail. "Wisdom and the ecstasy of life have departed from this land," I cried in sorrow.

In this mood I wandered away from a little village, where I had stayed over-night, and found myself on the borders of an immense forest. Allured by the mystery of its primordial gloom, I penetrated the labyrinthine darkness of its groves, lit only by the flame of a hanging blossom or the sudden gleam of a wild bird's wing that flashed through the perpetual midnight of some buried lake.

"This forest, coeval with the gods, remains; can the gods be dead?" I cried. A sudden joy smote my spirit, and my fancy peopled the ancient silence with the phantasmal echoes of old song.

The leaves above me quivered with the poignant anguish of Seetha's cry,

"Rama! Rama! Rama!" as she trod the pathless forest pining for her lost lord. I heard the triumph song of Savitri, who strove with Yama, relentless lord of Death, for her lover's life, and conquered him with the divine sublimity of her passion; and the radiant wings of the birds of Sakuntala encircled me with trembling music.

Entranced with the illusive melodies of my own invocation, I had strayed too far into the intricate heart of the forest; and the more I endeavoured to find my way out of its mazes, I but involved myself in a deeper perplexity of thicket and grove. I wandered on and on, till overcome with fatigue and hunger, I flung myself down on a bed of wild red lilies, not knowing whether I was still in the inmost depths of the solitude or on its margin. Soon I fell asleep and dreamed a marvellous dream of the flame-walled courts of Indra, and he heard the celestial song of Sri Krishna on the sacred battle-field, the Song of the Lord.

I know not how long I slumbered before I was awakened by the cadence of a slow, solemn incantation that rose like dim incense into that pristine stillness. I thought it but an echo from my dream; but I rose, and piercing through a dense belt of trees I found myself in an abrupt hollow, all shadowy and golden with mellowed sunlight, and holding in its bosom a small pool of singularly pellucid waters decked with white lotus-blossoms, and shining all round its brink with the gleam of small, blue creeping flowers known as the flowers of Vishnu. By the pool sat a young maiden with mystic eyes, and three white mystic marks upon her brow, swaying to and fro to the rhythm of her chant.

A sudden fear fell upon me. Did I still dream, or had I in truth evoked some goddess or immortal woman from the centuried sleep of forgotten legends?

I listened spell-bound, and my fear grew upon me.

When her invocation was ended, she rose and dipped a small silver vessel into the pool, and gathering three



lotus-buds, she laid them on a small silver dish, half-filled with cakes and fruit. Then covering the vessel with the plate, she lifted it steadily on to her head and turned to depart from the grove.

Some instinct, half fear, half reverence, made me approach her and prostrate myself at her feet—little bare feet like the petals of a *Champa*. By the sudden-startled look in her eyes, I knew her for no goddess, but an exquisite maiden, and my courage revived within me.

"Lady," I began in a tone of mingled entreaty and hesitation, "I am a stranger and belated."

"Follow me!" she interrupted briefly, and her voice was strangely chaste and clear like the waters of the pool—

"My father will give thee welcome. He is a *Yogi*, and all men are his sons."

A moment later her accents grew soft with womanly pity. "Stay, perchance thou art over-weary with want of food." She took a lotus-leaf, and laying on it a cake and luscious plantains, she bade me eat, while she sat apart.

How shall I describe her?—the grace of her figure, slim and golden-brown as the reeds among which she sat, clad in some fragile stuff, exquisitely indefinite of tint—so ethereal a rose dreamed through its luminous white; or the beauty of her face that seemed to float and illuminate the grove like a subtle glory.

There are many kinds of beauty among women:

There is a beauty, virginal, radiant, blithe—like the cool ambrosial light of dawn, and the call of translucent springs from thymy headlands.

There is a beauty of noon-tide splendour, full of voluptuous languor, fierce desire, and heavy scent of crimson flowers.

There is a beauty with the pale, illusive glamour of the twilight and of shadowy waters.

And there is a beauty of high passion and great dreams, touched with

the ecstasy of starry silences and the mystery of night.

But hers was none of these; at once virginal, seductive, illusive and mysterious, it was not a bodily beauty, but rather like the far-off light from the forehead of a god.

I had finished my slender meal some time, and sat waiting for her to speak, but she seemed unconscious of my presence. She was gazing into the waters with parted lips and dilated eyes, as though she beheld an unutterable vision. I sat still and watched her; and a disquieting sense of some imminent crisis overpowered me, some moment of revelation or fulfilment; and yonder mystic maiden seemed an essential part of inevitable fate.

At length, she turned and rose, and coming towards me poured some water into the hollow of my hand, murmuring, "Blessed are they who drink of the waters of the holy well of Vishnu, and from the hands of Vishnu's bride."

Then once more she said, "Follow me; my father will give thee welcome; he is a *Yogi*, and all men are his sons."

## II.

Silently I rose and followed her, my sudden unquiet fear still upon me. But much I marvelled who she might be, this beautiful maiden, so free, so fearless, so unprotected, who disturbed every tradition, and my own experience, of the women of her race; how shy, how self-conscious, how carefully protected!—the very beauty of their faces, the very grace of their movements, full of an exquisite appeal against the touch of the wind and the eyes of man.

She seemed to read my thought and answered it.

"The invisible hosts of Vishnu are ever about the feet of Vishnu's bride."

She lifted her eyes to my face; wonderful eyes, whose ecstasy I could not fathom.

"Thou art a stranger and knowest not the legend of my birth."

In her lyric Eastern way she narrated the miraculous story of her life.

"Seventeen years ago, when the time was near for me to be delivered from the womb of my mother, she and my father were returning homewards from a distant pilgrimage, and their path lay throught this forest. When they had arrived at the grove of the sacred well of Vishnu, my mother bathed in the blessed waters and forthwith drowsiness overcame her like a sudden darkness, and she slept. Like a great tempest of light, with flame-crowned forehead and bearing a lotus in his hand, the terrible god, Vishnu, appeared in her sleep and spoke to her in a voice like the sound of many rivers :

"This day shalt thou bring forth a child who shall be named the Lotus-born, sprung from the breath of my desire, and shall be called the bride of Vishnu ; and the invisible legends of my kingdom shall compass her, till I return once more and absorb her into my Being, from whose breath she sprang."

"He touched her with his lotus-wand, and vanished in a shining vapour. With a loud cry of fear my mother awoke and told her dream to my father. In that hour her travail came upon her, and I was born.

"Raising herself, she cried, 'Hail to thee O Lotus-born ! O chosen bride of Vishnu !' and fell forward on her face. And the dark hosts of Yama bore her away in a cloud of incense. My father fell prostrate with a widowed heart ; and the voices of the gods spake with him, bidding him renounce desire and vanity of mortal life, and enter into their essence.

"Clasping me in his arms he purified himself in the holy waters, offering up sacrifices and many vows. Renouncing the world, he built himself a small building on the border of the forest, where he lives, having attained the ultimate beatitude."

"And then O Lotus-born?"

"I await the fulfilment of my destiny. At dawn and at sunset I go to bathe in the divine waters of the well of Vishnu, and make offerings of fruit and blos-

soms, singing invocations to the immortal god till he shall come riding on the wind and uplift me into his Being whose breath I am."

A strong wave of sheer human pity mingled with my awe for this god-born maiden, whose youth was so desolate with the touch of supernatural doom. Some irresistible impulse made me cry out, "O Lotus-born ! alas for the lofty sorrow of thy doom, that thou must needs forego the sweet common fate of woman—of love, and joy, and tears, and endure the intolerable rapture of a god's desire."

She struck me with the arrowy lightning of her wrath.

"Thou knowest not what thou speakest. Beware lest the gods smite thee with perpetual silence for thy blasphemy !"

But instantly her eyes melted with a pity that was wholly womanly.

"Perchance, from the land whence thou dost come, the gods have departed and speak no more with men."

"Lotus-born," I answered, full of humility and sick with the truth of her words, "Lotus-born, from the land whence I have come, the gods have in sooth departed, and the race of god-like men is no more. Therefore, have I fled hither, if, perchance I might hear their voice and learn their wisdom through the lips of some holy sage." Sadly I continued, "I have journeyed from city to hamlet, through mountain and forest, seeking in vain, and my spirit is faint within me."

"Be not grievous of heart," the Lotus-born replied, "thou shalt find here what thou dost seek."

As she spoke, we entered a narrow path of oleander and *Champa* trees, about whose roots grew sacred basil and wild jasmine. In a moment we came within sight of a small mud-walled dwelling with a low-raised terrace before the entrance. On a white mat, with his legs crossed before him, sat a man, dressed after the manner of *Yogis* ; a pale russet cloth about his loins, a garland of dried berries and the sacred brahminical thread across his bare breast, and three white symbols on his brow. His thick tang-

led hair fell about his passionless grand face. As we approached he looked up, but there was no surprise in his calm prophetic eyes.

"Whoever thou art, welcome!" he said gravely, and motioned me to a place beside him. But I bent low, touching his feet with my eyes; for I was blinded by the ineffable radiance that seemed to emanate from his august ascetic presence; and rising I sat myself on the bare floor.

The Lotus-born who had disappeared within the hut, soon returned with water for my feet, and sandal oil for my head, bidding me cleanse myself of my weariness. Then she brought a brazen lamp lit with three wicks steeped in oil, and setting two plantain leaves before us, and two drinking vessels filled with milk, she served us with cakes, and fruit and honey.

Again the sense of unreality stole on me. I was half-afraid that the Lotus-born and chosen bride of Vishnu should wait on me with such sweet meekness of service after the custom of the women of her nation.

The old *Yogi* lifted up his hands and eyes to the brooding heavens, uttering a slow, sonorous invocation—

"Om! Om! Om!"

"As milk and honey enter and sustain our bodies, so enter Thou and sustain our souls, Eternal Milk and Honey of the Universe, that we might grow in knowledge of Thine Immortal Substance and enter into the peace of Thine Imperishable Essence."

Then turning to me he said, "In the name of the Universal Giver, eat, my son, what the gods have set before thee."

While we ate, the Lotus-born sat a little apart with a riotous brilliance of leaf and blossom before her, weaving garlands for the temple. In that halcyon twilight how merely woman she seemed, as her soft fingers sped in and out among the blossoms with a deft sense of the delicate reticences and subtle revelations of harmony and contrast in the mingling of colours. In some inexpressible manner it comforted me with one familiar touch of everyday humanity.

Like a black panther the quick Indian night sprang over us, and out of the swift darkness rose the slow splendour of the Indian moon, and the voice of the Lotus-born in brief incantations:

"A caste-mark on the azure brow of heaven,  
The golden moon grows sacred, solemn,  
bright;  
The winds are dancing in the woodland  
shrine  
And swooning at the holy feet of night;  
Hush! in the silence mystic voices sing,  
And make the gods their incense-offering."

She rose and sprinkled a few grains of incense into a pot of fire beside her father. The perfumed smoke rose like a prayer into the night. No word was spoken. I know not how long we may have sat thus; my senses reeled, an awful terror paralyzed me; it seemed to me that the face of the Lotus-born had been transformed into a white lotus-bud, and was about to vanish in one winged breath of fragrance; that the occult eyes of the *Yogi* were dissolving my flesh by some inscrutable sorcery; and that the curling smoke of incense was in truth the melting trail of my ascending soul.

O! the insupportable anguish of that silence! At last the Lotus-born stirred and sighed faintly, as one who wakes from a dream; and the old *Yogi* slowly turned his beatific face towards me: "Wisdom is not of time, or place, or circumstance; and the true *Nirvana* thou containest within thyself. For the Supreme Spirit, the all-pervading and ever-living Essence, hath spoken, "*I am the self-seated in the heart of all beings.*" Ere thou canst *be*, thou must *do*; return into the world once more and re-enter into the life of men. Annihilate thyself absolutely into an immeasurable compassion for humanity and grow one with its multitudinous sorrow. Thus, having by perpetual deeds of love and sacrifice attained the first *nirvana* of Universal Humanity, mayest thou attain to the ultimate *nirvana* of Universal Deity."

He stretched out his hands towards the stars and cried aloud in a voice that swept me into Eternity:

Om! Om! Om!

## THE RECENT AND PAST ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

*By Thomas E. Champion.*

THE English General Election has just been brought to a close with this result, the Salisbury Government has been maintained in power. This is the first General Election since that of 1865 when the British electorate has pronounced at the polls twice consecutively in favour of the same party.

Let us, for purposes of comparison, go back to 1859, when, on May 31st, the Derby-Disraeli Ministry met the House then just elected. The Ministry had "appealed to the country," and as the result, on the assembling of Parliament, found themselves confronted by a hostile majority. This majority carried a vote of want of confidence, and the Ministry resigned.

The majority in the Parliament of 1859 was Palmerstonian Liberal. It was dissolved on July 6th, 1865, Lord Palmerston being Premier. The general elections followed immediately, their result being that the new Parliament had a nominal majority of Liberals over Conservatives of about fifty. Lord Palmerston's death occurred in October, 1865; then Earl Russell became First Lord of the Treasury with Mr. W. E. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons.

But with the death of Lord Palmerston a "change came o'er the spirit of the scene," and it was soon most plainly apparent that the great mass of Palmerstonian Liberals were simply Whigs at best, and many more of them Tories pure and simple, with a very thin veneer of Liberalism. What followed? The Russell-Gladstone Ministry brought in a Reform Bill, the provisions of which were so mild, so intensely conservative, that the Radical party, though prepared to vote for it, denounced its authors for their pusillanimity, for lacking the courage of their convictions and for the general inadequacy of the measure.

But what did the so-called majority of the Liberal Parliament do? They cried out that it was "a revolutionary measure," rang the old cries with which the ears of Reformers had been greeted for generations as to the evils of democracy and the ills the measure would bring upon the nation. "The House of Lords would be swept away, Church and State would be disassociated, nay even the crown would not be safe!"

What happened then?

The House defeated the measure and a genuine Tory Government came into office. The sequel is yet more strange, for it is hard to realize that this same Ministry with the Earl of Derby as Premier and Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer, not only passed a Reform Bill far more sweeping in its changes than the measure they had assisted in defeating proposed, but they gloried in their tergiversation.

Lord Derby cynically remarked when taxed with his conduct that "he had dished the Whigs," while Mr. Disraeli, with a touch of the contempt he really felt for ultra-Toryism, said sarcastically, "We have educated our party."

One word must be said here for Lord Salisbury, who was at first a member of this Ministry. He was no party to this shameless abandonment of principle and resigned his seat in the Cabinet rather than acquiesce in it.

Do not let it be supposed that any exception is meant to be taken to the extension of the voting franchise granted by the Tories. The measure was a good one. What was to be condemned was the conduct of the men who obtained power by opposing a much less drastic measure.

Then finding they had egregiously blundered, that the country demanded reform, they retained their seats by out-bidding their political adversaries.

However, this conduct gained them



no votes at the polls, for on the appeal to the country made by Mr. Disraeli (who had then become Premier) in 1868, this first Whig, then Tory Parliament was swept away and supplanted by a Radical House with a majority over its Conservative opponents of 70 votes.

Then followed the "Golden Era," as it has been described, of modern English Liberalism. The first step in the direction of perfect religious equality was achieved by the disestablishment and disendowment of the Anglican Church in Ireland. Following this came the Ballot, Education, and Abolition of purchase in the Army Acts. Besides these great measures, all of untold usefulness, all religious tests were abolished at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and a stringent measure of reform was effected in the licensing of taverns and in the laws governing the sale of intoxicating liquors.

"Surely," any ordinary observer would remark, "this Parliament's work was endorsed by the electors." Not at all. Mr. Gladstone, who had been the Prime Minister throughout all these great changes, dissolved Parliament on January 26th, 1874.

To his utter amazement and to the chagrin of his followers, the country rejected the Liberal party and expressed no gratitude for the boons which had been bestowed upon them. With what the Radicals deemed the "basest political ingratitude," the electors returned the Conservatives to power with a very large majority in the House.

We need not dwell long upon the events of the Conservative regime of 1874-80, excepting to point out that in that space of time was initiated what is now known as the Imperialistic policy, then designated by a section of the Liberal party as "Jingoism,"\* and

the Transvaal was annexed. This Parliament was dissolved March 23rd, 1880.

Again the electorate swung around, and once more placed Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party in office. The new House met on April 29th, 1880, with a clear majority of Gladstonian Liberals over Tories and Home Rulers combined. Only one feature, yet it is a very important one, of this Parliament's legislation need here be referred to, that was the "Retrosession of the Transvaal" after the defeat of the British at Majuba Hill.

We may only glance at the career of the subsequent Parliaments, elected in 1885, in 1886 and in 1892. The country in no case endorsed by its votes at the polling booths their policy. In that of 1885 the Home Rulers held the balance of power; in that of 1886 the Liberal Unionists held the scales. In 1892 the Gladstonians were again in the ascendancy, even without the aid of the Home Rule vote, and this state of things came to an end in July, 1895.

Then, at the general election the Conservatives were returned to power with a small majority over all the other parties, and with a majority, by the aid of the Liberal Unionists, of more than 150 over Liberals and Home Rulers combined.

In the elections just concluded, this majority has been all but fully maintained, the policy of the Government in South Africa has been emphatically endorsed, and the fame and statesmanship of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain enhanced to a degree unprecedented in the political annals of the now fast closing century.

Great Britain's electorate, as well as that of a great part of Ireland, has spoken with no uncertain sound. There is no question of what they mean. They mean that the integrity of the Empire must be and shall be maintained; that the Cape Colonies in South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Canada are integral portions of the British Empire, and that any assailant of the one is an assailant of the whole.

\*This term originated from a Music Hall ditty entitled "We Don't Want to Fight." The chorus was:

We don't want to fight,  
But by jingo if we do,  
We've got the ships, we have the men,  
We have the money too.



# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

IT is as a study in the ways of diplomacy that the Chinese question has been chiefly interesting during the past month. As such it is very interesting. Nothing could more clearly reveal the uncertainty and suspicion with which the allies regard each other than the, in most cases, tentative and timid nature of the proposals which their diplomats have been making. To a plain man who likes plain language and prompt decision, the diplomats of Europe, on the subject of future action in China, may well seem bewildered and incompetent; but we cannot judge the business ability of these statesmen by the wording of their notes without taking into account the very difficult conditions with which they have to deal. Any such co-operation among a number of nations as we have witnessed in China is a very new thing in the history of the world. Eight ambitious and selfish individuals could wind up the affairs of a common debtor and divide the assets, or agree to extend credit and let the firm continue in business, without much difficulty and in very brief time. But they have experience, custom and law to guide and control them. Eight ambitious and selfish nations, confronted by a similar problem, have little experience, and nothing that can be called custom or law for their guidance, and are only controlled by their fear of physical force. It is, therefore, an exceedingly difficult thing to arrive at a preliminary understanding. No Power would be allowed to act alone and each is afraid to let the others act without it. The method adopted by the diplomats for arriving at this understanding is to draw up a note or memorandum and send it to all the Governments interested. At first

these notes must be as vague as possible and must do no more than suggest certain principles of action. They must not appear to commit anybody to anything. The statesmen of the Powers to whom a note is addressed consider carefully whether the plans they have in mind can possibly be considered as coming under the general terms used. If so, they express their assent to the note. If not, they say a few polite words and prepare a note of their own. In this way the diplomats have been spending weeks and they are not yet ready to take hold of the real business of settlement. It may appear like trifling or word-splitting in the presence of momentous issues, but it is the only practicable method of preparing the way for the co-operation



COUNT VON WALDERSEE.

Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in China.



THE OPEN DOOR THAT CHINA NEEDS.  
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

of such jealous and divergently ambitious units as are the great powers of to-day; and it must not be forgotten that it is probably more important for the world that the practice of co-operation should be confirmed and its methods worked out, than that the best solution of the particular problem presented in China at the present time should be adopted. At least, mistakes or crimes have been, or will be, committed in China, but of the possible gains for the world such a confirmation of co-operation would be, perhaps, most important.

On August 25th the Russian note suggested that the Powers should withdraw their embassies and forces from Peking and let the Chinese Government come back before negotiations should begin. This note also made certain statements as to Russia's intentions in Manchuria, which left Russia free to follow her own inclinations. The suggestion of withdrawal did not suit the views of the rest of the allies, so they said a few polite words and stayed. Then Germany drew up a note suggesting that before diplomatic relations could be opened up with the Chinese Court the ringleaders of the anti-foreign movement should be delivered up, and that the representatives of the Powers at Peking should be asked

to furnish a list of those whom they had good evidence to believe were the ring-leaders. This proposal was hailed by the British press, and to a less extent by the press in other countries, with a cordiality of approval that was somewhat surprising, for it was open to several serious objections. The first objection was that if an effect upon the Chinese people was desired that effect should be produced by compelling the Chinese Government to do the punishing, and not only to deliver up certain parties for foreign nations to punish. Another objection was that the list furnished by the representatives might not be complete or in all respects accurate; and the third objection was that

it was certain that the Empress Dowager must be considered a party to the uprising, and probably more responsible for it than any other single party, and it would be quite out of the question to ask her to deliver herself up; and yet, if this was not done, both the allies and the Chinese Court would recognize that there was something of mere formality about it, and not an intention to do strict justice. Indeed, it would seem that the fact of the matter is that the movement was a national one, and as such it is impossible to do justice by meting out punishment to only a few. Although the press was enthusiastic over this note, the diplomats smiled and said nothing. A nation cannot admit it was wrong, and so Germany pretended that she had barely hinted at certain general principles in this note, and proceeded to work them up in a little more detail in another note dated October 4th. In the meantime the Chinese Government, perhaps alarmed lest the allies should really draw up such a list, issued an edict which degraded Prince Tuan and other Boxer leaders, and handed them over to one of the Imperial courts for punishment. The new German note suggested that the Powers should instruct their representatives in China to report whether the list of those thus treated by the Chinese Government

was a complete list ; whether the punishments were adequate ; and in what way the Powers could control the carrying out of the penalty. These suggestions were made "in furtherance of the procedure proposed" in the former note, but it is clear that they were entirely different from the former proposals, which contemplated the handing over of the criminals to the allies ; but this fiction of continuity is one of the ways of diplomacy. Germany's second note seemed to meet a more favourable reception. Then the French Government drew up a note dated October 10th, which was much more specific than the others. In addition to suggesting that the Powers insist on the punishment of the guilty persons who might be designated by their representatives, and that the representatives should suggest additions to the list of those already degraded by the Chinese Government, this note dealt with the continuance of the interdiction against the importation of arms, with indemnities for governments, corporations and private individuals, with a permanent guard for the Legations at Peking, with the dismantling of the forts at Taku, and with the military occupation of two or three points between Tien Tsin and Peking. But some of these latter proposals were going a little too fast for the rest of the Powers, and again they smiled politely, and set to work to think again. These are the ways of diplomacy.

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In the meantime, what has been happening? Events do not always wait for diplomats. The allied forces have been establishing themselves at Peking, and clearing the road between it and the sea. Russia has acted upon her own suggestion and withdrawn her legation from Peking, and the United States has withdrawn all its forces with the exception of a strong legation guard. Punitive expeditions have been undertaken in one or two directions, but there is nothing to show that the situation has been materially improved. Indeed, there is much evidence that a

very formidable movement is preparing in the Southern portion of China, and the great significance of this movement is that it is not only anti-foreign, but anti-Manchu. The Chinese Court has so far refused to return to Peking. There are other capitals even more sacred than Peking and with greater advantages. Indeed, Peking is comparatively a modern capital, and was selected chiefly because it was nearer to the centre of Manchu power in the North than for any other reason. Although several times the capital before that date, when control fluctuated between the Manchus and the Chinese, it has been the permanent capital of China only since 1403. The oldest metropolis of the Empire and the seat of Government under four dynasties is a city in the Province of Shen-si, the name of which is spelled in some half-dozen different ways. The one prevailing in the press reports is Singan. It is a more populous city than Peking, and a greater centre of trade. It has also great strategic advantages, for it is surrounded on three sides by mountains and a river runs past on the fourth side. From it great roads lead out in all directions, and it has, also, through the great canals and the Hoang River, water communications with all parts. In addition to these advantages, another very decided one



THE BEAR THAT HUGS LIKE A MAN.  
The Empress : "Tighter, Bruin, tighter."  
—*Minneapolis Journal*.

is that it is 750 miles inland, and it would be practically impossible for the allies to keep their communications open, even if a force should succeed in reaching it; and as the water communications could be so easily blocked by the Chinese, there would be no chance of reaching it by water. If the Chinese Court will not come to the allies, and the allies cannot go to the Court, what will be done? We must wait to see.

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In the Anglo-Saxon world election contests have been the principal events. The United Kingdom, the United States, Australia and Canada have been concerned with the problems of national elections. It is interesting to note that national expansion, which with varying admixtures is called Imperialism, has been the chief subject at issue. In the United States the parties are clearly divided upon this issue. In the United Kingdom the issue has not been so clearly drawn, for the reason that a large number of Liberals, including many of the ablest men in the party, are avowedly Imperialists, and among the rest of the party there is more opposition to particular methods than to the general principle of expansion. In Canada the issue is

still more confused. There are the elements of a conflict between Imperialism and anti-Imperialism here, but the issue has not been clearly drawn as between the parties. In the United Kingdom the results of the elections are just about what was expected. The Conservatives have been returned to power by an exceedingly large majority. Mr. Chamberlain has been more prominent than any other man in England, and the results of the elections must be regarded as to a considerable extent a personal triumph for him. Perhaps no man in English politics has more enemies than Mr. Chamberlain. Unfortunately, no one of these has ability of an order high enough to meet Mr. Chamberlain upon anything like equal ground. The result is that he is constantly being baited by men of medium ability, instead of being met by equals. These men he can lash into silence for a time, but they inevitably renew their stinging attacks at the first opportunity. Several of the most prominent of these enemies have been defeated during the elections, and there is little doubt that Mr. Chamberlain used all his influence to secure their defeat. This is one way in which the elections have been a personal triumph for him. But another effect of the baiting he has received, from men who have been able to establish and maintain nothing, has been a certain rallying to him of a class which might not otherwise so warmly have supported him. Then, again, the campaign was fought upon the issues created by the war in South Africa, which was a matter handled in its earlier stages, at least, by Mr. Chamberlain. For the country to sustain the Government upon these issues was for it to sustain and endorse Mr. Chamberlain. On the other hand, however, several things must be taken into account. In the first place, the Conservative majority is not so large as it was at the last election. In 1895 the Conservative majority was 152, and at that time the Liberal party was certainly not so weak

#### THE DINNER PAIL IN U.S. POLITICS.



FULL DINNER PAIL—"HOLD UP, TEDDY, YOU'RE WORKING ME TOO HARD."

—Rochester Herald.



and disorganized as it is to-day. The Government, therefore, have not done so well this time as they did last time. But as against this it might be noted that alternation of parties has been the rule in English politics for the past thirty years, this being the first important break.

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Before this number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is in the hands of its readers, the detachment of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, which left Cape Town on Sept. 30th direct for Canada, will undoubtedly have arrived and will have received the first of that series of welcomes which awaits them in this country. The men of the 2nd (Special Service) Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, have performed good work in South Africa. They took part in some forty engagements and covered in straight marching 1,000 miles. It has been pointed out that Canadians may be inclined to overestimate the work of their fellow-countrymen. This may be so if comparisons are made with other regiments, but we do not need to say that the Canadians did better than any other soldiers at the front in any particular respect in order to represent their work as worthy of the highest praise. The Canadian Infantry, for example, probably did no more than any other regiment in the 19th Brigade. Its casualties were heavy, but certainly not so heavy as those of the Gordon Highlanders; but the chief point is that the Canadians could do, and did do, everything the tried regiments of British regulars in that Brigade could do. The record of that Brigade, which between Graspan and Pretoria marched 620 miles and fought in 37 engagements,

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THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HOPETOUN, K.T., G.C.M.G.,  
FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE COMMON-  
WEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

without a single defeat, is a proud record for every regiment in it.

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The appointment of the Earl of Hopetoun as the first Governor of the Commonwealth of Australia recalls attention to the fact that Australian federation is an accomplished fact. On the first of January, 1901, it is expected that the new constitution will go into effect. Lord Hopetoun, who is just forty years of age, has already had experience in Australia, having been Governor of Victoria from 1889 to 1895. He has occupied many other important official positions, and is now Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Household. It is said that he possesses tact, geniality and high character. With these qualities he should successfully fill his position. Canada extends congratulations to its sister commonwealth.



# Woman's Sphere

Edited by  
Mrs. Willoughby Gummings

*To our readers, and especially to all women workers—greeting, happiness and good success.*

*These pages are to be your pages, and therefore their Editor will always be glad to receive criticisms and suggestions from you, for she desires through your co-operation and interest to make this new department as varied and as useful as is woman's sphere in this Canada of ours.*

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ONE was forcibly reminded of King Solomon's picture of the excellent Woman, "who looketh well to the ways of her household," when listening to the many clever addresses, and bright discussions, on the varied aspects of good home-making at the recent meetings of the National Household Economic Association of the United States, which were held in Toronto. Verily the responsibility of the housekeeper is great in these days. No longer is it sufficient that she can darn a stocking, have a light hand for pastry and a discerning eye for dust, for within the reach of her who desires to be a good homemaker is the scientific knowledge of the economic and hygienic value of foods, fuel and clothing, and she may, if she will, acquire an intelligent knowledge of correct plumbing, drainage, ventilation, and the best methods of sanitation for her home. The wonderful spread of such knowledge in the schools in Great Britain, Germany, Holland, the United States and other countries makes one feel a little jealous for the coming homemakers of Canada who are deprived of this "Higher Education," as it is called in Germany, except in a few of the most up-to-date schools. An important address was that given by Mrs. Florence Kelly, of

New York, who strongly urged the responsibility of women purchasers to ascertain that the garments they buy are made under good conditions, holding them equally guilty with the seller for the evils that always follow from underpaid labour, and the manufacture of clothing amid insanitary surroundings. Some of the discussion brought out keen bits of humour that were much enjoyed. Mrs. Helen Campbell's description, for example, of an elaborate salad "that was fearfully and wonderfully made, and that looked like someone's last summer hat," caused a hearty laugh. In the matter of the problem of domestic service the general opinion seemed to be that new conditions having arisen the old order will have to change, and that trained service, regular hours, and a definite business-like agreement as to the work to be performed will alone prove the solution of the difficulty.

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The National Council of Women of Canada are to be congratulated upon the handbook of women's work, and interests which, at the request of the Dominion Government, they compiled for the Paris Exposition, in order that the life and work of Canadian women might be properly presented to the world. The almost insuperable difficulty of getting the full information required for the able essays, and carefully compiled statistics which this book contains, in the short time at their disposal, made the work of the Conveners and Committees of the several departments into which the book is divided extremely onerous. The task of final editing fell principally

to Mrs. George Drummond, of Montreal, and to Miss Teresa Wilson, Corresponding Secretary of the Council, to whom special praise is due. The preface, which was written by Mrs. Drummond, concludes with these words:—

"This book goes forth from the women of Canada that it may tell something of the building up of this youngest of nations; how, not alone by material prosperity, but also by 'the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners,' and, above all, 'by the power of conduct,' it is growing to its full stature. And, lest some should think from the title and contents of this book that it is our desire to separate or to place in rivalry the 'life and works' of women and of men, let it be understood that our classification is only for convenience, but that our hope is rather in that growing sense of mutual need which is drawing men and women into closer companionship, and is sending them out, not singly, but together, for the help and salvation of the world."

As the result of the patriotic addresses which were<sup>3</sup> given by Miss FitzGibbon at the receptions tendered to the National Council delegates in the various cities on their way to Victoria in the summer, four Historical Societies of women are now being formed in the West, and steps are being taken in Charlottetown with the same object in view.

The Woman's Art Association of Canada continues to do capital work in many directions, as was shown by the reports from Toronto and from the branches in Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, St. Thomas, Brockville, Portage la Prairie and other places, which were presented at the annual meeting on Monday, Oct. 1st. Ceramic Exhibitions, Sketch Exhibitions, Loan Exhibitions of Industrial Arts, Courses of Lectures and Open Studio days are some of the ways by which this energetic Society seeks to promote the cause of true art in the lives of the people. Particular attention is paid to the study of Applied Design by the members, especially in Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, and they are encouraged in this respect by the fact

that manufacturers are offering prizes for work of this class.

The W.C.T.U. are organizing a strong crusade throughout Canada against the sale of cigarettes, and monster petitions will be drawn up to that effect. These will also contain the opinions of leading Educationists and others as to the deleterious effect of cigarette smoking.

The reports received by the Provincial Board of the Church of England Women's Auxiliary to Missions show that over \$40,000 has been contributed during the year through the various funds, exclusive of Diocesan Missions, and that 645 bales of warm clothing have been sent to needy missions during the same time.

The Interprovincial Golf Match between the golfers of Ontario and Quebec was a great success in every way, and besides being a great incentive to skilful play on the part of the ladies, also helped to promote a unity of interests between the women of the two provinces that is very much to be commended from a national standpoint.

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A ring at the telephone, and an invitation from a well-known Ottawa man to dine with his wife and himself at

MRS.  
TWEEDIE.

the Rossin, Toronto, were the means whereby I enjoyed the pleasure recently of renewing an acquaintance, made at the International Council meetings last year, with Mrs. Alec Tweedie, one of the best known women-writers in old London, who was passing through Canada on her way to Mexico. Mrs. Tweedie is a handsome, graceful woman in appearance, with large, dark eyes, and her manner is particularly bright and animated. She it was who first introduced her old friend Dr. Nansen to English society, and it was at her pretty house in Regent's Park, which, since then, is full of Arctic curios, that he took his farewell dinner the night be-

fore he left England on his journey of discovery to the North Pole.

In her book, entitled "A Winter Jaunt to Norway," Mrs. Tweedie gives this clever pen-picture of another famous friend of hers, Henrik Ibsen, as she saw him in his home for the first time:—"The Doctor is a small man, thick-set—one might almost say stout—in build. His head is splendid. The long white hair is a tangled mass of glistening locks. It is brushed straight up from an unusually high forehead, and stands out as a sort of frame to the face; indeed, the face is completely framed by white hair, for Ibsen wears whiskers, and a beard under the chin, the chin itself and the upper lip being clean-shaven. By this arrangement the mouth is clearly visible, and it is a very curious mouth. The upper lip is so short, and the mouth so thin and decided, that the top lip hardly shows at all. The mouth is very determined, with a pleasant smile when talking. He always wears glasses, and whether from their use or from short-sightedness, the eyes themselves are somewhat sunken, and much hidden by the shaggy eyebrows. It is a keen face, not actually handsome, but impressive, and denotes power and penetration. He wore a complete suit of shiny black cloth, with a double-breasted frock-coat, a few of the buttons of which were somewhat the worse for wear. In manner he was quiet and reserved, and spoke very slowly and deliberately, although he is a perfect master of the German tongue. He is undoubtedly a shy man, and consequently does not shine in society, but he enjoys it all in his quiet way, nevertheless, and is always extremely polite and courteous. At the same time he is anything but chatty, and is really a far better listener than a talker. He prefers being amused to amusing others, probably from his diffidence with strangers. He is a great admirer of the other sex, and more affable with them than with his own. Indeed, he has a keen appreciation of a pretty face, and says so."

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In Hamilton—That the Fessenden Court of the Daughters of the Empire intend to present new colours to the 13th Battalion, to replace those that are worn out.

THEY SAY In Montreal—That the scheme of Associated Charities is working most satisfactorily, and is proving a great help and benefit to all the charities of the city.

In England—That the Queen was pleased to have the Lady Marjorie Gordon presented to her on her arrival in Scotland, where Her Majesty was received by the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord-Lieutenant of the County.

In Guelph—That there are one hundred thousand Christian Endeavourers in Canada, more than half of whom are women.

In Toronto—That the meeting of the Local Council held this month was thoroughly enjoyed by the crowded audience.

In Ireland—That the women of that country intend to present Lord Roberts with a jewelled sword when he returns home from South Africa.

On the Golf Links—That they hope there will be no snow before Christmas.

In Prince Edward Island—That there are over a thousand women farmers in that Province.

E. C.

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#### THE MAKER OF MEN.

IT seems impossible for man to get away from primary principles. History portrays our grandmothers in short dresses, pinafores and sleeves well rolled up, standing on a chair beside the kitchen table making bread for the household. That period of domestic economics and household industry was followed by the regime of the baker, while our mothers sought the intricate by-ways of physical sciences or endeavoured to thread the labyrinths of mental and moral philosophies. To-day our sisters have heard the cry of the hungry, the dyspeptic and the neglected, and by way of the cooking school are again establishing the art

of bread-making in the kitchens of our homes.

At least this is what we are promised by the National Household Economic Association, which held its eighth annual session last month in this city. In describing her work, and that of the women of her class, while on the prairies where men were many and women were few, and when the raw materials for cooking were chiefly flour, dried apples, tea and pork, Miss Fitz-Gibbon said that, despite their other attractions, men always gravitated to the women who could bake the best bread; thus proving, said she, that bread is the staff of life for man, and bread-making the chief source of attraction in a woman. But the most startling statement at this convention was made by Mrs. Helen Campbell, who said, "Man is absolutely what woman makes him. She can train her child to appreciate and enjoy simple, wholesome food, and to know when he has had sufficient, thus developing a strong, rugged constitution, and a man with will-power and self-restraint. Or, on the other hand, she can pamper his appetite and spoil his digestion so that she has nothing but a peevish, wilful weakling. The need of the hour is pure, wholesome, simple food, prepared in the neatest, cleanest, simplest way."

He would be a bold man who would deny a modicum of truth in these eloquent words of this wide-awake woman who roundly abuses the waste of time and energy consumed in making indigestible compounds and in rendering complicated service, but the point that chiefly interests us is the word "absolutely." It may startle many to realize in this intellectual age when so much is said of heredity, environment and evolution, to hear that the epicure in man has still the controlling influence, and that she who selects, makes and serves the epicure, is able, with a show of truth, to say that she can "absolutely" make or unmake man. The thought may be worthy of careful consideration, and may prove a bitter truth, though the

Good Book says, "To the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet."

*E. Ryerson Young, Jr.*

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#### EXTENSION LECTURES.

THE Canadian Household Economic Association, of which Mrs. J. L. Hughes of Toronto is President, and Miss A. Chown of Kingston is Secretary, has prepared a series of extension lectures. Any association willing to make local arrangements and pay travelling expenses may secure speakers to discuss the subjects which have been chosen, as follows:

*The Social Significance of the Family.*

—Mr. A. Shortt, Professor of Political Science, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

*The Family and its Region.*—Mr.

James Mavor, Professor of Political Science, University College, Toronto, Ont.

*Educational Aims and Agencies.*—W. S. Ellis, B.A., Principal of Collegiate Institute, Kingston, Ont.

*Foods and Their Nutritive Value.*—

Miss N. C. Ross, B.A., Graduate of Toronto Y.W.C.A., Ontario Normal and Chautauqua Schools of Domestic Science.

*Adulterations of Food.*—Miss E. M. Curzon, School of Practical Science, Toronto.

*Sanitation.*—Mrs. Jean Sinclair, Montreal, Que., Pupil of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y., and Technical Institute, Liverpool, Eng.

*The School of Domestic Science and its Field in Education.*—Mrs. A. Hoodless, President of the Ontario Normal School of Domestic Science, Hamilton, Ont.

*Art Applied to Interior Decoration and Furnishing.*—Feb. 5th to 10th, 1901. Miss Lilian Vaux Evans, pupil of Mr. Dow, Pratt Institute.

*Kindergarten Lectures.*—Miss Edith A. Anning, President of the Ontario Kindergarten Union, Belleville, Ont.

The Association, though young, is working very vigorously, as this programme shows.



# PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

MILLIONAIRES with a feverish desire to make more millions out of building and running railways are

driving us to advocate  
GOVERNMENT Government ownership  
OWNERSHIP of these trade servers.  
OF NEWS- Mr. Harmsworth, the  
PAPERS. millionaire proprietor  
of the London *Daily*

*Mail*, is now endeavouring to buy the London *Times*, the most stable organ of public opinion in the world. Mr. Harmsworth and his imitators, for he is sure to have imitators, must be careful or Government ownership of newspapers will be a live topic. Already the signs point that way. Democracy is suffering from the irresponsible and unreliable daily papers which, like strong drink, tend to inflame men's passions. Some people in London are proposing that the British Parliament shall pass legislation providing penalties for the publication of incorrect and unreliable and extravagant news. This is the result of the publication in London of sensational stories from China which never came over the cable.

Apropos of this, it is said that a certain Canadian daily paper published some half-dozen cablegrams from its war correspondent in South Africa, which the correspondent declared, on his return, to have been forgeries. Another Canadian daily is in the habit of publishing "expanded" cablegrams from foreign storm-centres which have not always been based upon genuine cablegrams. If punishment follows in the form of a new kind of censorship, the newspaper publishers will have only themselves to blame. A reaction against foolish sensationalism, and the steady growth of education among the common people, may however cause a reaction rendering such legislation un-

necessary; but the indications do not point that way.

The election of Mr. Gilbert Parker as representative of the riding of Gravesend in the British House of Commons is a tribute to Canada and to Mr. Parker. It is a tribute to Canada because Mr. Parker is a Canadian,

and to Mr. Parker because as a Canadian he was able to win the approval of a British Ministry and of a constituency. So, to some extent, is the election of Mr. Brown, a son of the late Hon. George Brown, in Edinburgh.

Mr. Parker is an Imperialist who has lived in Australia, Canada and in London. He has seen the Empire at the outposts and at the centre. He believes that the Empire has a great work to do, a high duty to perform, and that in these functions the whole of the Empire must co-operate under an Imperial system. He will be a friend to colonial self-government and an advocate of colonial co-operation. When any question concerning Canada arises, the presence of Mr. Parker and Mr. Brown in the British House will be of considerable value to this country. When general colonial questions are to the front, the presence of such men in that House will ensure more thorough consideration. That the electors of Gravesend and Edinburgh have been broad-minded enough to elect colonials is an evidence that the position of a colonial is by no means an unenviable one and that the people of Great Britain are not unmindful of the services and the possibilities of the colonies.

It must not be forgotten that there are three other Canadians in that House—the Hon. Edward Blake from an Irish constituency, General Laurie from a



Welsh riding, and Lord Milton, Unionist member for Wakefield.

The International Peace Congress in Paris has protested against this backing up the missionary with the military power. The point

MISSIONARY is well taken. If the  
VS. missionary desires to  
CITIZEN. penetrate into China,

let him do as the Master and His Apostles did—risk his life in the same way as any other soldier.

Let this question be asked of any British soldier—commissioned, non-commissioned, or rank-and-file: "Do you like the task of penetrating into China to save missionaries?" and the answer will throw some light on a great question. Ask Lord Salisbury and President McKinley whether they are pleased with the opportunity of sending armies into China to rescue the daring Christians who have gone in there to teach John Chinaman, and the answers of these statesmen will give more light on this burning question. Ask the world of journalists, publicists and business men what it thinks of this backing up missionaries with the civil and military power, and more light will be gained.

The folly of sending missionaries from Canada where only one-half of the population attends divine service, and where there is ten times as much work to be done as the church is able to compass, is apparent. The ridiculousness of the Canadian foreign missionary movement is so patent that to go into the numbers of criminals, jails, penitentiaries, brothels, gambling dens, policemen, police magistrates and so on would be a sheer waste of good argument. And yet our leading divines go on collecting coppers for this purpose from our innocent women and children.

Some of these missionaries are fanatics. Most of them are in earnest. Some of them cannot be praised so highly. One, by name Miss Douw, landed at San Francisco the other day and is reported to have said: "There is no use

of talking settlement until we have the heads of Prince Tuan and of the Empress-Dowager." This woman reminds one of another female who prevailed upon her daughter to ask an indulgent and generous monarch for the head of John the Baptist. Surely the women of to-day are less bloodthirsty than those who lived eighteen centuries ago, and this missionary girl has misrepresented her sex! A man who would make such a statement would be deemed a stern man, but what of a woman and a missionary?

A leading Methodist divine has recently said that China's greatest need is more missionaries. My opinion, expressed in all humility, is that in the interests of humanity the missionary should be given a Government job which will keep him at home.

According to the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress, which met in Ottawa last month, manual training is

MANUAL to crowd the already  
TRAINING glutted labour market."  
MISUNDER- This is delightful non-  
STOOD. sense. The labour market can never be glutted

until the world is overpopulated, and that condition will not obtain for some years yet. In the second place, it is not a capitalistic scheme, being too generous and too high-minded for any person who could be labelled a "selfish capitalist." It is an educational movement stimulated by those who believe that the body and the mind should be developed at the same time, and that certain knowledge can be best transmitted to the mind through the hands and the eyes. The labour delegates have misunderstood its purpose, and when they are better informed they will think differently. They might as well condemn the teaching of drawing and kindergarten work, for manual training is only a higher form of these. Manual training will make better lawyers, better doctors, better architects and better workmen, and is just as necessary to the one class as to the other. Tech-

nical education, on the other hand, is intended only for the improvement of workingmen, and herein it differs from manual training.

Not long ago a leading Canadian publisher, in speaking to an author who desired to introduce some radical

features into a book

which had been prepar-

ed for that publisher,

remarked: "The task

of educating the public

is too great for me. I am willing to keep just ahead of them, but I am not fool enough to wreck my business in trying to educate them."

A professor in Toronto University, a few years ago, remarked to his students: "The most successful man is the one who can most readily and most fully adapt himself to the circumstances in which he finds himself."

These incidents are set down here because they sum up modern business philosophy. Let the young man who wishes to succeed in life ponder their lesson. The individual who sets out in life to accomplish a great reform, to bend the world to his ideas, may succeed. If he does he will be one of the few truly great. He is taking large chances, though. It is better to bend than to break. The surest way to success is by bending. Notice the politicians; they bend almost double. Notice the acrobatic actions of the successful business man; they are the result of a long course of physical culture. Start out by accepting things as they are and then proceed from that point. Ideals may be followed, but the bending must be done every other day, sometimes every day.

By way of illustration, look at modern journalism. Is there a daily paper in the world that is not bending and salaaming in every column? The people who use its advertising pages are supple acrobats. Those who write the society news have special double-elastic backs. The news-editor who writes the big headings for the tele-

graph and cable news, gives the reader just what he wants—something sensational to catch his eye; the men who write the editorials—but these men sometimes have ideals and sometimes follow them closely. It may not be apparent always, but then you must go behind the scenes to get at the real merits of the editorial writers.

Manitoba has, in capacity for constitutional government, gone a long way past the days when Sir Adams

Archibald, the first

MANITOBA'S Governor, invited men

NEW to join or retire from

PREMIER. his Cabinet, assisted

his Ministers in draw-

their statutes, dictated their appointments and ran affairs in general. Those were the boyhood days; but Manitoba is now thirty years of age, and a civil service and a political experience have removed most of the crudities in its system of self-government. Mr. R. A. Davis took up the work which Governor Archibald had started, and the Hon. John Norquay and the Hon. Thomas Greenway completed the task of organizing a Provincial Government competent and constitutional in all its branches.

The Conservative party in the Manitoba Legislature has decided that when the Hon. Hugh John Macdonald resigns the Premiership of that Province he shall be succeeded by Mr. Redmond P. Roblin. This gentleman was born in Prince Edward Island and educated in Ontario, but has long been a resident of the new Prairie Province. In the early part of his political career he sat on the Liberal side of the Legislature, but changed to the Conservative side and became one of their leaders. He is not a professional politician but a successful merchant, and is thus the stamp of man who should be of supreme service to a Province which requires business-like governing.

After several months' illness, the Hon. F. G. Marchand, Premier of the

Province of Quebec, passed away on the evening of September 25th, in his sixty-ninth year. His father was a merchant of St. QUESBEC'S TYPE OF PREMIER.

John's, and the son practised law in that town during the greater part of his life. He was first returned to the Legislature of Quebec in the year of Confederation, and has sat continuously since that time. He became leader of the defeated Liberal party in that Province in 1892, and led it to victory in 1897. He was a writer of considerable power, and is the author of three comedies and a vaudeville. Among his honours was that of being President of the Royal Society of Canada in 1897.

Quebec has had a number of very excellent premiers. The Hon. Mr. Chauveau, afterwards Speaker of the Dominion Senate, was the first of these, and he did a great deal for the new Province of Quebec. He was a prototype of the Hon. Mr. Marchand—lawyer, editor, scholar, statesman—a type perhaps higher than that obtaining in any other Province of the Dominion. The Hon. Mr. Ouimet, the second Premier, who is still living, is of the same type, being even "Officier d'Instruction Publique," by the decision of the rulers of France. So is Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere, fourth Premier of Quebec, and present Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. The Hon. Mr. de Boucherville was of a different stamp, as his collision with Lieutenant-Governor Letellier showed. He more nearly resembled Sir Adolphe Chapleau, though falling short of the latter's brilliancy. The Hon. Mr. Mousseau and the Hon. Mr. Ross were not remarkable men, and they filled the lull which precedes the storm. The storm appeared in the person of the Hon. Mr. Mercier, and the electrical display was magnificent, even if the tax-payers are still paying the bills. After this disturbance the Province was glad to rest under Taillon, Flynn and Marchand—all modest, cautious, anxious to govern in the best interests of the people, preferring solid

performance to showy externals, and effecting economies as though it were not the most hum-drum and unpleasant of all political tasks.

In spite of a too high appreciation for political trickery, and in spite of a certain taint of continental mediævalism, the Province of Quebec is destined to be one of the most prosperous in the Dominion. Her agriculture is improving, her railroads are increasing in length, and the manufacturer has invaded her quiet districts. The Quebec of 1920 will be as different from the Quebec of 1880, as noonday is from dawn.

Writing to a Toronto daily paper or the Canadian habit of accepting United States paper money and the United States habit of rejecting FOREIGN MONEY. Canadian paper money, an English visitor says :

"The Canadians, I find, in my brief experience of their beautiful country, are as a body much too fond of eating humble pie at the hands of Uncle Sam. If that distinguished gentleman will not accept your bills, decline on every occasion to accept his—reciprocity will follow.

"Assert your nationality with firmness, but at the same time with courtesy, and be a bit less fond of flaunting the Stars and Stripes all over your streets and in your shops.

"I was some weeks in New York, and never once saw a British flag flying, except at the masthead of a British vessel."

On November 7th the General Election will decide the fate of two sets of politicians, but it may incidentally decide or throw light upon other questions. The most important of these is: To what extent is the independent voter gaining ground on the machine voter? This is a most interesting and important question. The answer to it will tell whether, in political methods, we are drifting towards the British or the United States standard.

*John A. Cooper.*



## BOOK REVIEWS

### THE MASTER CHRISTIAN.

THE superior critics condemn Miss Corelli. They find that she is shallow, and that her art is bad. Despite these severe censures her books sell by the thousand, while the able works produced by writers whom the critics approve groan upon the shelves. The voice of the people may not be the voice of God, but we doubt if any living novel-writer would sacrifice a sale of ten thousand copies in order to secure the praises of the literati.

But there must be some rational way of accounting for Miss Corelli's success without concluding that her readers lack taste and sense entirely. There is not the least difficulty in determining the causes of the popularity of "The Master Christian."\* It is an arraignment of the ecclesiastical system and modern Christianity, as typified mainly by the Church of Rome, and partly by the Church of England. There is always an audience for that sort of thing. Dickens laid himself open to much misconception by satirizing in "Barnaby Rudge" the No Popery riots of 1780, and he gave great offence by presenting Sir John Chester as a champion and leader of orthodox Protestantism. The movement against Ritualism in England has stirred up a strong Protestant feeling, and this has doubtless led to the writing of books like "The Master Christian" which appeal—over the heads of historians, philosophers, and cynics—to the mass of the people. Dickens made no headway with his satire against the No Popery cry. Similarly, criticisms of Miss Corelli, Mr. Hocking, and others who invoke

the *odium theologicum*, are simply so much breath wasted. You may be doing your duty to sound standards of literary art by pointing out their errors, but the reading public will not want to stop and listen to your protest unless you make it entertaining. They are too much occupied in reading the book.

In "The Master Christian" Cardinal Boupré typifies the simple-minded and saintly son of the Church, while Abbé Vergniaud and nearly all the other ecclesiastics in the tale are either wicked or worldly or both. The good Cardinal adopts a foundling, the narration of whose actions borders nearly upon the impious, but who is introduced in order to give the Pope the "setting out" which a Cardinal, even a saintly one, could not be expected to give. The Cardinal has been present at a service in a Paris church during which the immoral Abbé is nearly murdered by his own natural son. The Abbé's confession of his sin, and acknowledgment of his child, give great offence at Rome whither the Cardinal is summoned. The chief persons in the tale all go there, on one pretext or another. There is Aubrey Leigh—an American actor, author and moralist—who is deeply pained at the pride and wickedness of modern churches. There is the Cardinal's beautiful niece, Anglea, who has painted a wonderful picture which ultimately brings her under the ban of the church. In fact, that is the fate of most of the characters in the book, who, however, settle down with complacency to extend the teachings of the True Church, which appears, as far as one can gather, to be the Church of Corelli. The good Cardinal—the only natural and pleasing figure in the book, and one drawn, too, with a loving and careful hand—is too old or too wise to

\*The Master Christian: a Question of the Times, by Marie Corelli. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.



carry out the Corelli dispensation, and dies. It is evident that the book is not lacking in bright qualities, in a certain measure of wit, of shrewd satire and vividness, but in many places it is stagey, rhetorical and incoherent. The passion and the sensationalism suggest Blanche Amory, who declared so piteously "*Il me faut des émotions*," and there seems to be a great many readers in Canada and elsewhere who are in exactly the same condition.

#### SONS OF THE MORNING.

There is an altogether pleasant atmosphere about Mr. Phillpotts' new novel.\* We seem to feel the breeze from the Devonshire moors, to smell the flowers, to see the rabbits and the squirrels, and to hear the quaint dialect of the labourers. The book is redolent of Devonshire, and the peculiar humour of the author enlivens many a page. Whether Honor Endecott is a type of a large class we know not, but surely the situation in which she finds herself is exceptional among women. Honor is a bright and healthy woman with a large nature, and gifted with a sense of humour. Her days are passed on the farm of which she is the mistress, and an outdoor life tends to develop character and temperament in the right way. Two men compete for her smiles, and the generosity and depth of her nature is such that she loves them both. The author actually reconciles us to this point of view, and makes us agree with Honor, that as the proprieties of society and the ideas of human nature prevent her from marrying both, she will remain single. She breaks off her engagement with her neighbour, Christopher Yeoland, a lazy, irrational, good-humoured fellow, whose patrimony has dwindled away to small dimensions, and who has no ambition to restore the family dignities. Towards her cousin, Myles Stapledon, grave, calm and deep, she gradually inclines

until respect warms into love. The serious side of the girl's nature responds to Myles, while the keen, impulsive and happy qualities of her mind find their greatest solace in Christopher. Yet the girl is not changeable, flippant or shallow. Hers is simply an unusual nature, deprived by circumstances from meeting a man who could fittingly mate with her. It is hardly fair to the reader to reveal the course of the tale. Both men are unselfish and anxious that her happiness shall be the first consideration. Each is willing to efface himself, and each in turn does, but we must trace the story with care to appreciate Honor's difficulty, and to realize that a woman of her calibre may occasionally make her appearance on this earth. The pictures of lowly Devonshire types which enliven many of the chapters are presented with much skill and liveliness, and those who like a story of English country life, without any of the glare of modern luxury and magnificence, will keenly appreciate this one.

#### A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

It is appropriate that a Canadian edition of Miss Joanna E. Wood's last novel should appear.\* "A Daughter of Witches" was published serially in this MAGAZINE, and our readers do not require to be reminded of the charm which the story exercised over those who appreciated its fresh humour, its vivid insight into the feminine nature, and its real dramatic power. Miss Wood has the talent for taking pains without its imparting to her craftsmanship a single blemish. The study of Vashti—a woman whose passionate and undisciplined temperament is probably incomprehensible to commonplace minds—is one of the strongest pieces of work in recent fiction, and the effect is skilfully heightened by her being drawn in striking contrast with the poetic amiability of her husband. Miss Wood, in this and other books,

\* Sons of the Morning. By Eden Phillpotts. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

\* A Daughter of Witches. By Joanna E. Wood. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.



exhibits complete sympathy with the various moods of human passion, and is able without apparent effort to mingle light and shade so that the tragic does not oppress and the comedy does not jar. "A Daughter of Witches" with some local colour in the Canadian country scenes, with which the author's is so familiar, would have been even more successful.



#### ONE'S OWN LANGUAGE.

The educational system has broken down in attempting to make Canadian boys and girls write English correctly and well. Few young people can write a good letter. They cannot express themselves clearly, much less elegantly, so that we are put to shame in having to confess—as the President of the University of Toronto did lately—that our schools are far from what they should be. This fact is all the more humiliating, inasmuch as our French fellow-Canadians can often write and speak English better than we do. The explanation is simple. They study the best models. When they finally acquire a knowledge of our language, their expressions are based on the style of the masters of diction, of Swift and Dryden, of Steele and Addison, of Arnold and Ruskin. A French-Canadian who spoke English with a simple directness and a quaint purity which imparted an interest to even commonplace remarks, declared to the writer that he learned English by long and careful study of the writings of Bunyan. Any book that will encourage young scholars to pursue their studies of the English language in the right way, should be received with a cordial welcome, and the work for school use which Dr. Sykes has just issued,\* strikes us as particularly needful and appropriate at the present time. The rules of composition given in the book are neither tedious nor intricate. An extract is given, and a number of intelligent and

useful comments made upon it. The pupil is expected to acquire grammatical rules by practice rather than precept. The grammar of a language like ours is mystifying and wearisome. It is far better that the pupil should be taught to compose sentences after the mode of good writers than that his time should be taken up by the study of rules which are, in English, chiefly remarkable for their exceptions and by the conjugation of verbs, the inflections of which bear no resemblance to the regularity and rhythm of Latin, or any of the languages derived directly from Latin. Several pictures are given as the basis for descriptive essays, yet nowhere do we find any explanation of how to read a picture. To read and understand a pictorial composition is no less valuable than the power to read and understand a literary art-product, and is certainly not less rare. The author has missed an opportunity of which he might very properly have availed himself.

In the matter of punctuation there are many inconsistencies for a work that devotes so much space to the subject. In the poetic selections for memorization, the greatest liberty has been taken with the original punctuation of the authors as found in standard editions. And one fails to find any reason for twice inserting Collins' beautiful Ode, "How Sleep the Brave" (pp. 63 and 83), unless it be to illustrate more completely this inconsistency in punctuation. But the selections for memorization occur not only with wholly different punctuation and capitalization, but also with changes in the text for which, we fear, there is no authority.

For a volume by a Canadian, printed by Canadian publishers for use in Canadian schools, there is a surprising amount of space devoted to the productions of authors native to the United States. Something more fitting could easily be found for Canadian pupils than Emerson's "Concord Monument." Goldsmith's "Lines on the Death of Wolfe" at least rival it in sentiment and surely surpass it in

\*Elementary English Composition. By F. H. Sykes, M.A., Ph.D. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

patriotic appropriateness. We should have preferred to see our own authors much better represented, and we fancy that Dr. Sykes is well enough acquainted with native literature to furnish

from it selections the equal of those which, from a Canadian standpoint, lessen the value of the neat little volume before us.

## LITERARY NOTES.

**KNOX MAGEE**, a young Toronton-ian, has ventured into the field of fiction, with an historical novel dealing with the same personages and the same period of time as Shakespeare's Richard III. There are some differences in the plot, some new characters, and some incidents which Shakespeare did not use. The style of "With Ring of Shield" is archaic and forceful, and the author has certainly given promise of great things. The volume is to be beautifully bound and well illustrated. The Canadian publisher is Geo. J. MacLeod, but there will also be a United States edition.

"Eben Holden" has been very popular in the United States, and has added much to Irving Bacheller's reputation. Uncle Eb is a sort of David Harum, and the book is full of bright and witty sayings. The plot is laid in New York State and includes the hero's experiences in the civil war. The Poole Publishing Co., Toronto, are publishing the Canadian edition.

"Representative Democracy," by Prof. John R. Commons, is the title of a valuable pamphlet published at 25 cents by the Bureau of Economic Research, 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Social Reformers will find it a valuable addition to their collection.

Mr. William Robins, of Walkerville, Ont., has received much praise for his clearly reasoned monograph, "The Truth About the Transvaal." It has been exceedingly well received in England. Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell & Co.

"The Roman D'une Pussie Chat." This is the title of a new story, the

scenes of which are laid in New Ontario during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and in the cities Miesanburg, Pussieburg, Catburg, etc., in the Land of the Grimalkins. The story pictures Canadian life and character at that early period, and is intensely interesting. One of the illustrations is a map of the Land of the Grimalkins which shows the above-named cities, the Catawaul River, etc. The author is Mr. Frederick Rogers, D.C.L., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. The book is nicely bound in green cloth and has a silver illustration of "Elfie," Queen of the Grimalkins, on the front page of cover. Detroit: The American Publishing Co., 23 Adams Ave., East.

The Dominion Publishing Co., Toronto, has issued a large, natu-type portfolio of Canadian views, which is a superior article in the way of book-making.

"My Book Record and Guide," issued by the Mutual Book Co., Boston, is a valuable aid to the reader and possessor of books.

J. W. Lyon, of Guelph, is the publisher of a very valuable book on the war. The Canadian part contains a history of the Canadian contingents by John A. Cooper, Editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, official lists of the officers, the killed and wounded, and a large number of Canadian illustrations. The volume contains over 800 pages, and the first edition now being distributed is said to be 25,000 copies. The title is "The Story of South Africa."



# IDLE MOMENTS



## EARLY RISING AND VIOLENCE.

IN Chicago the domestic servant question has taken on a new phase. A lady, who is described as a fashionable modiste, had in her service a girl famed Hannah. Monday was the washing day, and the girl was asked to rise at three o'clock in the morning and begin the process of purification. Her voice, like that of the sluggard in the poem, was heard to complain "You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again." She turned over, and was in the midst of a dream about a machine by which an indefinite number of clothes could be washed by merely pressing a button, when the

mistress "charged in with a supply of eggs, intended for the morning's repast, and commenced a fusillade."

It is needless to say that Hannah was taken at a disadvantage by the surprising character of the attack. The use of eggs as a means of arousing a domestic from her slumber is irregular and without precedent. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, the swallow twittering from its straw-built shed, the cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn, are all recognized aids to the alarm clock, but classic literature contains no reference to eggs. The only precedent for the use of eggs as missiles is in making a de-



THE MINISTER : "I'm sorry tae hear, Jock, that you're a' on strike doon at the auld toon. I'm surprised at ye. Dinna ye ken that the Apostle Paul says 'Servants obey your masters in a' things?'"

THE ELDER : "Aye, I ken, but that's jist whera me and the Apostle Paul dinna agree."

—Moonshine.

monstration against the utterance of unpopular opinions.

The supply of eggs being exhausted and the fury of the modiste abated, the victim made her way to a police station, and declared that she had been the object of a murderous assault. Large quantities of eggshells were removed from her hair, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of the assailant. The moral to be drawn from this incident seems to be the danger of a fanatical zeal for early rising. There is a large quantity of literature of a most pernicious kind, showing how large fortunes have been amassed and scholarship and fame acquired by rising with the lark. There is no such relation between a man or woman and a lark as calls for their leaving their beds at the same hour. If there were, it would seem proper not that the lark should set the pace, but that he should wait respectfully for the man or woman, as belonging to a superior order of creation. The proverb that the early bird gets the first worm is equally irrelevant. The acquisition of worms is a matter of no consequence to anyone but a fisherman, and for purposes of bait there is no reason to suppose that the first, second or third worm is any more attractive than the last. Nor is it proved beyond doubt that the practice of early rising makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise. There are large numbers of wealthy men who do not reach their offices until ten o'clock, and who, by making profitable deals in pork, easily overtake those who have been down town for two or three hours. There are also persons who ascribe their robust health to getting up when they feel like it. It would appear that the lady in this case had been poring over the literature of early rising until her brain became disordered, and she imagined that she could further the movement by violence. Let us be warned by her example not to be too ready to believe and act upon proverbs and conventional maxims of all kinds.—John Lewis in *The Toronto Globe*.

#### A NEW ENOCH ARDEN.

THE large manufacturing cities of Akron and Canton, Ohio; the hop fields of Palouse; the cosmopolitan seaports of Vancouver and Victoria; the inhospitable desert of the distant North, where the sight of a white man's face and the sound of the English speech are things to be treasured in memory for days and for weeks—these are the shifting scenes in the story of a new Enoch Arden, the tempestuous, tragic tale that is woven about the adventures of James Chapman, Klondike millionaire and unhappy man.

Eighteen long years ago, Chapman was engaged as book-keeper and traveller with the Whiteman & Barnes Manufacturing Co. at their Akron house, and a prominent worker in the Congregational Church. His home life was not particularly happy, and he eventually decided to go to Alaska as a missionary among the Indians. His wife consented and agreed to care for their children, Chapman transferring a house and lot to her, with his bank account, ere he took his departure.

Time passed and the husband did not return. Letters from him came regularly for a time—they then ceased altogether, and after a year or two of waiting his wife concluded that he was dead.

Fourteen years later, or just two years ago, she was married to Charles K. Ives.

Meanwhile Chapman had gone from Vancouver to Juneau, and thence into the Alaskan interior, where following out his original intention he became a missionary to the Indians—living and working among them—even losing his identity to white men and as a white man.

When the Klondike discoveries were made, his Indians brought the news to Chapman, and he joined the rush of the first stakers on Bonanza and El Dorado. Fortune favoured him and this summer he came out with fifty-three thousand dollars in gold dust and Bank of Commerce drafts.

His heart had through all the years of absence and silence treasured the



images of wife and children, as he had left them in smoky Akron in the years ago. Yet he feared to write or telegraph them lest there come back a message of death. He would give them a glad surprise, and in the pretty home to be provided by the treasure wrested from the Arctic snows, the past would be all forgotten and happiness come again.

A ticket was bought for Akron, and

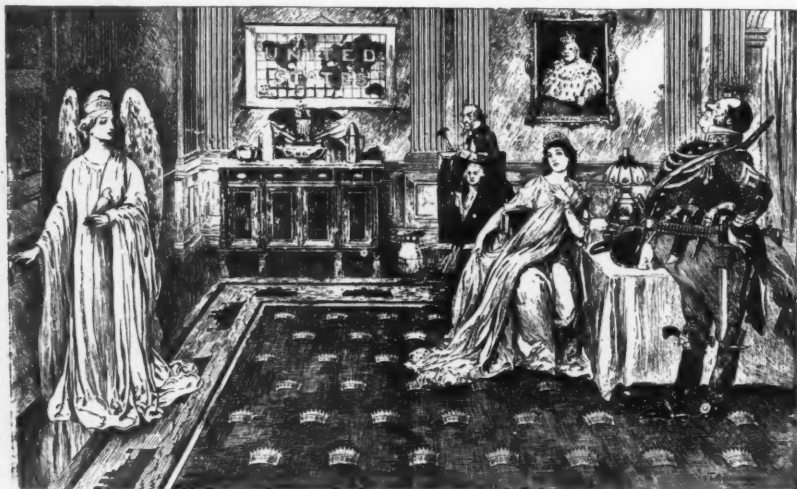
She did not remember—and Chapman was the name of her "first husband."

In a moment the truth flashed upon the bearded man of the North.

With scarce a word he turned and left the home that once had been his.

Just as it had been eighteen years before, his face was set toward the North.

Business keeps him in Chicago this



FROM "LIFE," NEW YORK.

THE ASPIRING FAMILY.

COLUMBIA: "We are sorry to have you go, but I don't think you could ever get on with the new man."

a week ago last Tuesday the wanderer found himself ringing the bell at the very door from which he had turned his steps northward eighteen years before. It was opened by his wife—he knew her in a moment despite the lines by time imprinted on her face. To her, however, he was an utter stranger.

"Don't you remember me?" the wanderer asked with little concealed eagerness. "Aren't you Mrs. Chapman?"

week, but by next he will be here or in Seattle to take the steamer up to Skagway.

From there it will be but a short journey back into the solitudes of nature, where the very air is eloquent with a myriad of mystic tongues and the flickering, phantom lights of the aurora flutter and fade as do the hopes and dreams of life.—*The Vancouver Province.*



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ILLUSTRATING "THE PEACEMAKER."

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

### THE INTERPRETER.

"Cinders listened as one under a charm. Her heart ached with the sweetness of the sounds, for the violin spoke a language she understood. It told her the same things as the rain that pattered on the roof, and the wind that blew about the house on wild nights."—Page 129.